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JANUARY 2012 VOLUME 38 NUMBER 8 HustlerMagazine.com

## GIRLS


**27 VYNESSA ORCHID**
Flowering Beauty
*Photography by Mark Lit*

**45 RIHANNA RIMES**
No Rhyme or Reason
*Photography by Mark Lit*

**58 BRITTANYS BOD**
Cybersexy
*Photography by J. Stephen Hicks*

**68 SPENCER SCOTT**
Born to Pose
*Photography by EarlMiller.com*

**95 KIARA DIANE**
Secret Lover
*Photography by Larry Flynt Productions*

**109 THIS AIN'T FOX NEWS XXX**
It's a right(-wing) humpfest—care of hotties Nichole Aniston, Darryl Hanah and Sea J Raw—with boneheaded commentators getting (and eating) their just deserts.
*Photography courtesy HUSTLER Video*

**145 VICTORIA**
Lady in Waiting
*Classic Photography by Clive McLean*


## FEATURES


**36 DANNY TREJO**
The tough-guy star of *Machete* opens up about his criminal past and working with babes Jessica Alba and Lindsay Lohan.
*Interview by Anthony Petkovich*

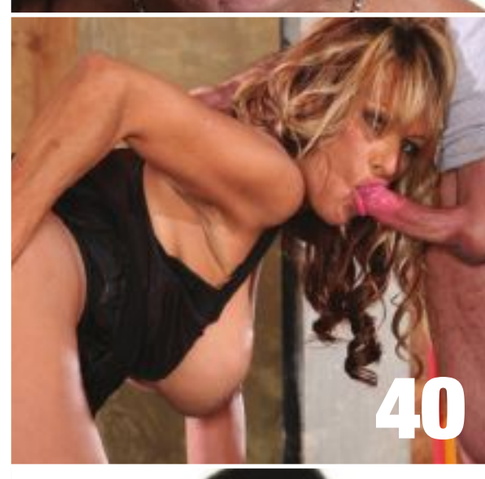
**40 LOOKING BACK: DEBI DIAMOND**
Retrospective on a porn legend who takes a serious dicking and keeps on ticking.
*Profile by Michael McClay*

**54 DOOMSDAY SURVIVAL GUIDE**
How to prepare for nuke disasters and other apocalyptic scenarios.
*Article by M. Allen Nathan*

**66 LIFELIKE GODDESSES: THE TANTALIZING PINUPS OF JESSICA DOUGHERTY**
A talented artist reflects on her deliciously curvaceous creations.
*Profile by Kimberly Cheng*

**82 TOUGH MUDDER: A BALLBUSTING COMPETITION**
Our gonzo reporter sees if he can endure a brutal obstacle course designed by Brit commandos.
*Report by Scott Fayner*

**86 CONSERVATIVES VS. LIBERALS: BORN TO DISAGREE**
Stunning scientific facts about the way Republicans think and act. Scary stuff.
*Article by Harry Walsh*



## STANDARDS


**3 POLITICAL PARODY**
Tylenol: Incompetence ensuring your safety!

**7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT**
How to fix Congress
*by Larry Flynt*

**9 TECH KNOW**
Win a 3D HD camcorder!

**11 ROBERT SCHEER**
Memoirs of a scoundrel

**13 NAT HENTOFF**
Last rites for the Bill of Rights

**15 ALEX BENNETT**
Duct tape and chloroform

**17 FEEDBACK**
We make one reader "hornyfied"!

**20 PINUP**
*by Sandra Chang*

**21 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH**
Grover Norquist

**22 BITS & PIECES**
Our favorite blueblooded Brit gets a stiffy; *Top Guns* gals heat their jets; and a walk on the slutty side

**35 CLASSIC CARTOONS**
'Toons that still rock—after all these years!

**80 HUSTLER HUMOR**
A gaggle of jokes

**88 SIGHTS & SOUNDS**
Candid conversations with GNR drummer Steven Adler, Loverboy's Mike Reno and glam band Warrant's late vocalist, Jani Lane

**93 MOVIE MAMMARIES**
Rebecca Romijn's breast flicks

**102 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT**
Web whores, Ho'-llywood squares, barely legals and flying pink pigs

**119 BEAVER HUNT**
World's hottest amateurs

**136 COUGARS UNLEASHED**
Horny Heather for your pleasure

**137 GIRLS OF FACEBOOK**
Can you keep (it) up with Shawnee?

**138 FAMOUS FLESH**
See right through songbird Rihanna

**139 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS**
Healthy science major Crystal

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***Cover photo by Earl Miller***

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# HOW TO FIX CONGRESS

Did you know that when members of Congress leave office, they can receive a pension worth as much as 80% of their annual salary? That doesn't count their tax-deferred savings plan [akin to a 401(k)], which taxpayers match nearly dollar for dollar. On the other hand, working Americans usually get their 401(k) contributions matched by the employer at a 50% ratio or not at all. Those Americans who get pensions (40% of the population) receive on average a mere $8,000 per year.

Retired U.S. senators and representatives also collect Social Security, are provided lifetime health benefits (plus Medicare) and can take their PAC money (sometimes worth millions) with them.

So here's what I propose: Take away all of these bullshit perks. Make members of Congress retire with what most Americans get: Social Security, Medicare and a 401(k).

Let's see how Congress addresses our Social Security and Medicare concerns then.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

# HOOK UP TONIGHT With HOT GIRLS AND THE SEXIEST PORNSTARS!

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**Come inside and see what you can get them to do!**

These girls are **Ready & Willing** to do **ANYTHING FOR YOU!**

**We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!**

**Start a Chat RIGHT NOW**

## JUMP FOR JOYSTICK

Oh, look at that: You bought a shiny new iPad. It does so many impressive things, but is it fun? Does it allow you to play all your favorite retro games? It does. Well, does it come complete with joystick? We didn't think so. Lucky for you, the nerds at Think Geek have invented the **iCADE iPad Arcade Cabinet**. This sturdy, wooden unit looks and feels like something out of 1985 but uses Bluetooth technology to connect to your iPad or iPad 2. Simply slide your Apple device (not included) into the **iCADE**, and it's game on. Play all your faves: *Asteroids*, *Yars' Revenge* and a hundred other classic home and arcade games from Atari's Greatest Hits (on sale at ***Store.Apple.com***). Damn it! Guess we need to buy an iPad now.

Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

## SO ROUND SOUND

SDI Technologies' iHome division knows a thing or two about creating iPod-docking speakers. Its latest, the **iA17 App-Enhanced Color-Changing Stereo FM Alarm Clock Radio for iPhone/iPod**, is a feast for both the eyes and ears. The unique, amazing appliance changes colors as the music plays through high-quality Reson8 speakers that feature a passive subwoofer for bold, clear stereo sound. Use the **iA17** to play your iPod, FM radio or any other audio device through a line-in jack. With five color modes—including slow-fade spectrum, fast-change spectrum and pulse—it's the perfect gadget for lighting up a party. Favorite color or no color, let the music glow.

Available at ***iHomeAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

## SET ON STUNNING

As kids, we all dreamed of being a crew member on the starship *Enterprise*, just not one in a red shirt. (They always seemed to die whenever they beamed off the spacecraft.) This cool, new, officially licensed replica **Star Trek Phaser** brings us one step closer to living out our geektastic sci-fi dreams. It features realistic lights (with four power settings) and sounds, as well as a flip-up sight for you to get your Klingon kill on. The toy gun, which runs on three watch-style batteries (hey, they're included!), is as real as you can get without breaking into the props locker at Paramount. Set your **Star Trek Phaser** on fun. Kirk out, bitches!

Available at ***ThinkGeek.com***. Suggested retail price: **$34.99**.

WIN THIS

## HANDY CAM

Thanks to a pair of 5-megapixel sensors and embedded ArcSoft Wizard software, the **ViewSonic 3DV5 ViewFun 3D HD Camcorder** makes capturing high-definition 3D videos and pictures a breeze. You can then upload your breathtaking handiwork to a computer or YouTube so people can watch them—without having to wear those clunky 3D glasses. The sturdy yet lightweight high-tech unit also features a 2.4-inch LCD screen. The best part is we're giving a **ViewFun** camcorder away! See details below.

Available at ***ViewSonic.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

## FREE 3D CAMCORDER!

For your chance to win a **ViewSonic 3DV5 ViewFun 3D HD Camcorder**, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address, signature and survey choices on a postcard) and send it to: **ViewFun Camcorder Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211**; or e-mail info to: **HUSTLER@LFP.com**.

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_____

Other than the models, what's your favorite section? (check one)

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Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

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HONEY, DADDY WON'T BE LIVING AT HOME FOR A WHILE BECAUSE MOMMY FOUND OUT THAT DADDY WAS PLAYING HOUSE WITH A DIFFERENT MOMMY.
WHO YOU NAILIN', POP ?!
J. Bilsetz

# MEMOIRS OF A SCOUNDREL

## DICK CHENEY'S NEW TELL-ALL BOOK IS A PAINFUL REMINDER OF HIS ATROCIOUS LEGACY.

Anyone of intelligence already knew what a moral dirtbag Dick Cheney was even before the former Vice President published *In My Time*, a memoir defending his despicable record. But what we are left wondering is how George W. Bush, the President he consistently undermined while pretending to serve him, could have endured being in daily contact with this seething mess of a scoundrel.

How else to describe a self-confessed exponent of torture who still insists that America's waving the flag of barbarism—as indelibly depicted throughout the world with the image of prisoners treated like dogs, shackled in stress positions for days and repeatedly waterboarded—was deemed necessary in the fight against terrorism? How convenient to forget that it was an avidly antitorture President, Barack Obama, who fulfilled Bush's "dead or alive" boast long after any information obtained by Cheney's torture practices had grown cold.

Laying it on thick, Cheney and cohorts painted Hussein as not only a friend of Muslim terrorists, but also a source of WMDs they coveted. That lie was advanced most infamously in the "16 Words" of Bush's January 2003 State of the Union address, in which he claimed that Iraq had obtained enriched uranium from Niger (a predominantly Islamic country in West Africa).

The Vice President knew that was a lie because he'd sent former U.S. Ambassador Joseph Wilson on a mission to Niger and discovered it was a hoax. Yet Cheney in his book has the effrontery to blast those like Secretary of State Colin Powell, who got Bush to apologize—too long after the fact—for the deception.

In return for Wilson's honesty, the administration led by Cheney set out to destroy the diplomat's reputation. As Special Prosecutor Patrick J. Fitzgerald put it, with "a plan to discredit, punish or seek revenge against Mr. Wilson" for telling the truth. This included leaking to the press the identity of Valerie Plame Wilson, a covert CIA officer and wife of Joseph Wilson.

**How convenient, nay duplicitous, to ignore that al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden was operating out of Pakistan, a pariah nation that Bush and Cheney had brought back into good graces after 9/11.**

How convenient, nay duplicitous, to ignore that al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden was operating out of Pakistan, a pariah nation that Bush and Cheney had brought back into good graces after 9/11. Their administration lifted the U.S. sanctions on Pakistan imposed over its development of nuclear weapons, a devil's tool kit that Pakistan's top nuclear scientist—A.Q. Khan—managed to share with Libya, North Korea and Iran. Khan was obviously abetted in this activity by the Pakistani government, which never prosecuted him.

Instead of focusing on Pakistan, Saudi Arabia and the United Arab Emirates—the only three nations that had granted diplomatic recognition to the Taliban rulers in Afghanistan who protected Bin Laden—the Bush-Cheney Administration chose a different path. It went to war against a primarily secular Arab tyrant who, for his own pragmatic reasons, had been consistently diligent in confronting al-Qaeda in his own country: Iraq's Saddam Hussein.

Back in 2006 I talked with Powell and reported: "Former Secretary of State Colin Powell told me that he and his department's top experts never believed that Iraq posed an imminent nuclear threat, but that the President [George W. Bush] followed the misleading advice of Vice President Dick Cheney and the CIA in making the claim."

Actually, the CIA retracted its claim and warned Bush not to mention it in his State of the Union speech. Nevertheless, the President told the nation: "The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa."

The since-discredited claim that Iraq possessed a nuclear weapons program was based on the supposed shipment of aluminum tubes for processing uranium, along with the Niger uranium report.

When I asked Powell why Bush had ignored his view and that of the State Department's intelligence apparatus, he replied, "The CIA was pushing the aluminum tube argument heavily, and Cheney went with that instead of what our guys wrote." When I asked about the citing of the Niger connection in Bush's State of the Union address, Powell admitted, "That was a big mistake. It should never have been in the speech. I didn't need Wilson to tell me that there wasn't a Niger connection. He didn't tell us anything we didn't already know. I never believed it."

Although Powell did not go public with his dissent at that time—let alone do the honorable thing of resigning in the face of such duplicity—his privately expressed honesty was too much for Cheney, who blames Powell for getting Bush to apologize when the lie was publicly revealed.

Powell, his image damaged terribly by lying before the United Nations Security Council, had finally had enough of Cheney toward the end of Bush's first term. In his new book, Cheney blasts Powell for having privately expressed doubts about the Iraq War and admits he was instrumental in forcing the former general to step down as secretary of state.

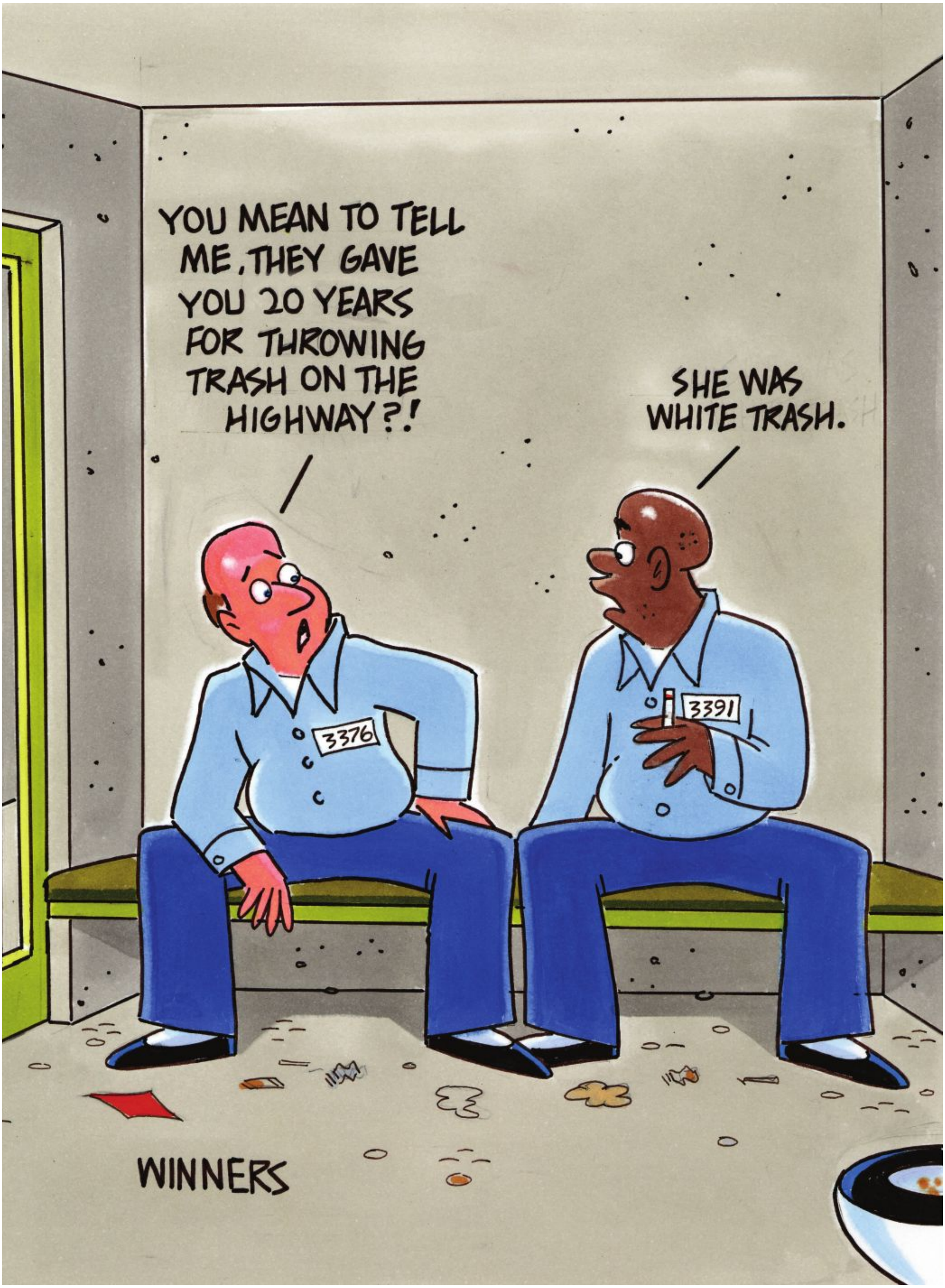
But there's more to the memoirist's legacy. In October 2005, Lewis "Scooter" Libby—Cheney's chief of staff—was indicted in connection with the disclosure of Valerie Plame Wilson's identity. Libby would ultimately be convicted of perjury, obstruction of justice and making false statements. In June 2007 he was sentenced to 30 months in federal prison, a fine of $250,000 and two years of supervised release, including 400 hours of community service.

According to investigative reporter Murray Waas, "One of the jurors in the case, Dennis Collins, told the press shortly after the verdict that he and many other jurors believed that Libby was serving as a 'fall guy' for Cheney, and had lied to conceal the role of his boss in directing information about Plame to be leaked to the press."

Libby was incarcerated immediately after his trial but was released less than a month later thanks to Bush, who commuted his prison sentence. However, Cheney himself escaped any legal consequence for his suspected role in Plamegate or for deceiving the public (and perhaps his President) with regard to Saddam Hussein's WMDs.

In the end, Dick Cheney proves to be a perfect case study of the ability of evildoers in high places to reap not punishment but rather huge rewards. Not only has Cheney escaped any redress for his grievous harm to our country, but he was also rewarded with a $2 million advance for a book celebrating his lies and subterfuge.

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*


YOU MEAN TO TELL ME, THEY GAVE YOU 20 YEARS FOR THROWING TRASH ON THE HIGHWAY?!
SHE WAS WHITE TRASH.
3376
3391
WINNERS

# LAST RITES FOR THE BILL OF RIGHTS?

## FBI DIRECTOR ROBERT MUELLER GETS TWO MORE YEARS TO WREAK HAVOC ON OUR RIGHT TO PRIVACY.

In May 2011, as FBI Director Robert Mueller's ten-year term limit was about to end, President Obama asked Congress to allow him to serve for two additional years. With bipartisan support in the Senate, unprecedented legislation was passed two months later to extend Mueller's tenure! This is glaring proof of the increasingly grim state of our most fundamental, personal liberties guaranteed in the first ten amendments to the Constitution—the Bill of Rights.

Without even a murmur of resistance, for example, Mueller has exceeded even J. Edgar Hoover's unrestrained reaching into our privacy. I invoke the reign of Hoover from personal experience. As one of his most persistent critics, I earned an FBI file noting me as a person to be continually watched.

What makes Mueller more of a menace than Hoover to our historic self-identification as a free, self-governing people is his access to increasingly sophisticated surveillance technology that tracks so much of what we do and say, revealing much of what we think.

Michael German, a former FBI agent specializing in terrorism threats to national security, is now with the ACLU. Regarding the FBI's overzealous agents, he stated, "You have a bunch of guys and women all over the country sent out to find terrorism. Fortunately, there isn't a lot of terrorism in many communities. So they end up pursuing people who are critical of the government." (German was quoted in an **NJtoday.net** article by this nation's present-day Tom Paine, John W. Whitehead.)

Dig this FBI tradition that Mueller upholds, as described by Whitehead: "A prime example occurred in 2002 when the FBI dispatched a special agent, armed with a camera, to a peace rally to search for terrorism suspects who might happen to be there, just to 'see what they are doing.' The protest was sponsored by the Thomas Merton Center, an organization dedicated to advocating peaceful solutions to international conflicts and composed primarily of individuals distributing leaflets. The Office of Inspector General, in its report on FBI surveillance of domestic organizations, characterized the task provided to the special agent assigned to the Merton protest as a 'make-work' project."

**Under guidelines for domestic FBI operations, agents can open a "threat assessment" on any one of us without going to a judge and without even a suspicion of any criminal activity.**

Now, for two more years—and perhaps longer if Constitution-defiler Obama is reelected—here is what Robert Mueller is up to: Under guidelines for domestic FBI operations, agents can open a "threat assessment" on any one of us without going to a judge and without even a suspicion of any criminal activity. Agents can surreptitiously join us at political rallies or in church while doing their "make work" on us also on the basis of race and ethnicity.

We, of course, will never know what we've said on the phone or Internet (especially Facebook and Twitter) that caused FBI agents to grade us as "suspicious"—and then pack us into databases to be distributed to other intelligence agencies.

Harvey Silverglate—a prominent civil liberties, civil rights and defense lawyer with whom I've consulted for years as a reporter—summarizes, as Thomas Jefferson and James Madison would if they were still here, what the reappointment of Robert Mueller reveals vis-à-vis the transmogrification of this republic: "The Justice Department and its agencies and bureaus [most notoriously the FBI] have completely lost sight of the limits that the Constitution was supposed to have imposed on their power."

No wonder there are terrorists around the world who enjoy mocking our "American values."

I confess that despite the 60 years or so I've been reporting on the FBI—and been reported on *by* it—I was shocked (I mean it) that not one single senator voted against extending the tenure of FBI Director Robert Mueller. Our senators have such total confidence in him? How can we have confidence in and respect for them?

For years, there were a few members of the Senate I depended on to be true guardians of the Constitution no matter who was President or which party was in power—most notably, Democratic Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont. He continually exposed the "dark side" of the Bush-Cheney desecrations of the Constitution. But as Obama keeps deepening the darkness, Leahy has become more loyal to his party than to our liberties.

Meanwhile, Obama has resorted to his own plundering of the Constitution in impenetrable secrecy, leading former FBI agent Mike German and Jay Stanley (also of the ACLU) to release an urgent report about which I'll keep you posted—"Drastic Measures Required: Congress Needs to Overhaul U.S. Secrecy Laws and Increase Oversight of the Secret Security Establishment."

In his latest book—*Defending Congress and the Constitution*—scholar Louis Fisher writes: "Without a strong Congress, we cannot speak of democracy. … Congress frequently takes the lead in defending personal rights and minorities that are not protected in the courts."

Actually, those of us who give a damn about the individual liberties and rights being stolen from us are indeed a minority in this once-self-governing republic. But all Americans will become vassals of the federal government steeped in secrecy no matter who is elected President in 2012.

Remember: Not one Republican member of the Senate cared to reject the further control of the secret tracking of American citizens by Director Robert Mueller's FBI.

Many of us took to the streets protesting the war in Vietnam, but how many Americans are at all aware of how much the FBI knows about them, whether true or false? What will you be celebrating on our next Independence Day?

---

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This Still America?*

"I *should* be President. I'm used to thinking in terms of millions. For instance, there's a million of my amazing spermatozoa!"

# DUCT TAPE AND CHLOROFORM

WHEN IN THE DARK, MEDIA OBSERVERS SHOULD KEEP *THEIR* MOUTHS SHUT.

A dastardly crime was committed in Orlando, Florida. It involved a two-year-old girl, her young mother and the toddler's maternal grandparents. The crime, however, was not the suspected murder of a young child but the destruction of the American way of jurisprudence.

The one tenet that distinguishes our legal system from others has been the presumption of innocence. It is the job of the prosecution to prove your guilt; you are innocent until a guilty verdict is rendered by a jury of your peers. It's a proud tradition born out of the oppressive legal systems from which our ancestors fled.

In case you were in a coma for the past several years, here's a thumbnail: In June 2008 two-year-old Caylee Anthony disappears. Her mother, Casey Anthony, parties while making excuses about the little girl's whereabouts for 31 days. In October Casey Anthony is charged with first-degree murder, and the state of Florida seeks the death penalty even though there's no body. In December of that same year the skeletal remains of the missing child—with duct tape covering the skull's mouth—are discovered in a swamp. Investigators have no idea how Caylee died, even after an autopsy.

I got sucked into the trial coverage, not because of the showcase lawyers but because the ghoulish media saw this as an opportunity to profit off the corpse of a two-year-old.

The most egregious of these assholes was HLN. Formerly known as Headline News, owned and operated by CNN, this low-rent channel never caught on with viewers. A few years back it decided to go the talk show route at night. HLN's first hire was Glenn Beck, but the right-wing zealot soon bolted for Fox. Then the "news" channel decided to go *really* low rent, bringing Nancy Grace onboard.

Grace used to be a controversial prosecutor in Atlanta. During her decade-long reign the Georgia Supreme Court admonished Grace on two occasions. Regarding a murder conviction that was overturned, its decision read: "The conduct of the prosecuting attorney in this case demonstrated her disregard of the notions of due process and fairness, and was inexcusable." That philosophy seems to have followed Nancy Grace to television.

Her take on Casey Anthony was a derisive assumption of guilt. Grace constantly referred to the defendant as "Tot Mom"—whatever that was supposed to mean. Even when the verdict was delivered—presumably a moment of solemnity—Grace never once used Casey Anthony's name, only "Tot Mom."

Grace repeatedly called Anthony an immoral and horrible mom. Casey Anthony may be a lot of things, but not one witness ever testified that she was a loose woman or that she was a bad mom. If Anthony doesn't sue this lowlife "reporter" for defamation, Grace will be lucky. But what does this legal beagle care about truth and justice? All she wants are ratings that she can throw in her boss's face at contract time. Grave robbers have more class than this broad.

Dr. Drew Pinsky, a media whore if there ever was one, may have topped himself when the *Celebrity Rehab* host joined HLN. That's where he pimped himself out by selling the Casey Anthony story at the behest of his boob tube overlords. Pinsky constantly violated medical ethics by psychoanalyzing the defendant from a distance.

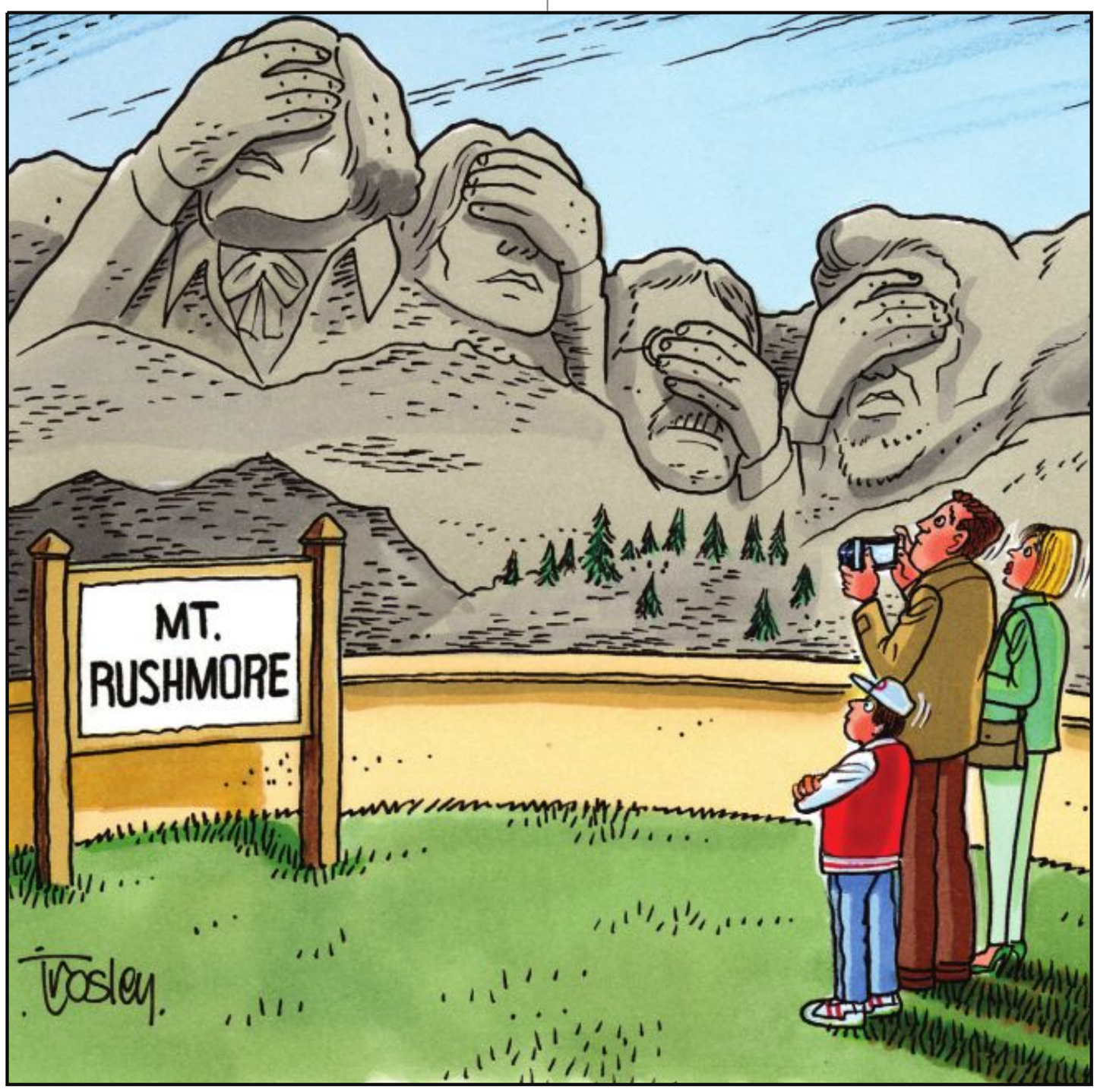
The "15 Minutes of Fame" brigade also included Jane Velez-Mitchell, Mike Galanos (a mediocre anchor at best ) and Ryan Smith (sporting a pimp beard and a "look how hot I am" attitude). They were all jumping on the dead-baby bandwagon. However, the worst of the bunch had to be Vinnie Politan.

Like Grace, Politan is a former prosecutor. How he got to be one I'll never know. He is one of the stupidest individuals to ever man an anchor desk. Politan's bush-league theatrics made it look like his covering the Casey Anthony trial was merely an audition for a job down the road.

Politan displayed his lack of legal knowledge by suggesting that, upon Anthony's release, she slip out of the courthouse concealed in a burlap sack to be placed in a getaway laundry truck. This didn't sit well with one of Politan's cohorts, since it seemed eerily similar to the fate suffered by Caylee. Politan followed that by suggesting Casey Anthony was a felon and should be treated like one. Sorry, Vinnie, I'm not a lawyer, but even I know she isn't a felon because she was never found guilty of a felony, you dunce!

Whatever anyone may think of Casey Anthony, this *is* a country where we presume innocence. We're not Italy, and she's not Amanda Knox. [*Editor's note: Knox, the subject of a controversial film, is an American exchange student now appealing her murder conviction in Italy.*] HLN reminded me of a lynch mob, the only difference being its vigilantes were too stupid to know how to tie a noose.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, can be heard weekdays on SiriusXM Left 127 (7 a.m. to 10 a.m. ET).



TOMMY, RIGHT NOW, WHILE WE ARE MAKING LOVE – I WANT YOU TO TELL ME SOMETHING COMPLETELY OPEN AND HONEST !

OKAY... I HAVE TO TAKE A SHIT.

J. Billette

## Cash for Casey

Thank you for offering Casey Anthony a sweet $500,000 gig to do some modeling and show off T&A. As a loyal subscriber, I appreciate that HUSTLER has stood for civil liberties and that great American principle of "innocent until proven guilty." What better way to get Casey back on her feet than to get her ass in the air, and who better to do it than HUSTLER?

**—Taylor Phelps**
**Candor, New York**

## No Love for Japan

The Gilbert Gottfried chat ["Dick Jokes and Ducks," September '11] was some funny stuff. Aflac busted his balls because he'd made jokes about misery in Japan. People who eat raw fish are strange and need to get over it. All they had to do to stop the [March '11] tsunami was line up their sumo wrestlers along the shore. Their huge asses would have kicked the shit out of those waves.

Since the tsunami, there have been 3,000 suicides in Japan—many apparently caused by hard times that are too tough to handle. But look at the bright side, Japan: All of your baseball teams still don't suck as much as the Chicago Cubs.

**—Gregory Podsada**
**Trevor, Wisconsin**

## Timeless Tits

I'm amazed at how attractive Mamie Van Doren still is, and I've loved the few topless pictures of her you've run. Forget just "for her age." She has great tits, period.

One more thing: I love the dick in the celebrity mouth. I have one request: Michele Bachmann! God, she's annoying. But in a weird Palin kind of way, I would like to put my dick in Bachmann's ignorant mouth.

**—Chris R.**
**West Chester, Pennsylvania**

**We agree that Michele Bachmann is a fine candidate for our dick-in-the-mouth fantasy feature. That's why the GOP congresswoman was the August '09 recipient.**

## Flynt Fanfare

I just want to thank Larry Flynt for his time and effort in coauthoring *One Nation Under Sex* and for offering it to his readers at 50% off. Every intelligent, open-minded adult in America should read this great book. It has the potential to make our country better.

Also, please consider doing an interview with [XXX actor] Ron Jeremy. He has been publicly debating the effects of porn with Craig Gross [an evangelical minister known as the "porn pastor"] at various colleges. **—Rosco Roberts**
**Huron, South Dakota**

## Big Dreams

I'm not going to waste my time or your time trying to write some spontaneous, overly detailed, sex-driven crap about your magazine. Simply put, I want to be a porn star. I'm a 24-year-old high school dropout living with my mother (father unknown). I finally got my GED last year after four failed attempts, and believe it or not, I'm still a virgin.

Born with a crippling bone disease known as osteogenesis imperfecta, I've been in and out of the hospital all my life. My health has affected my education, love life and spirituality. I am only 5-foot-4 and have a right leg a full three inches shorter than the left.

You can only imagine that I'm not much to look at, yet I'm still hopeful! I've got little hands and feet, my ears are big, and I'm a little chubby (okay, fat). I'm also shy, funny and have a normal or slightly small dick. But I'm still alive, and my biggest attribute is my ambition.

*Fan favorite Tiffany Thompson opened up and left our readers drooling.*

Obviously, I can't get a job due to my illness. I would love it if you would give me a shot at getting into porn. I sincerely hope that you take my letter into consideration because I think this career choice is an incredible opportunity for a youngblood like me. Talk about your deepest and darkest fantasies coming to life—having sex with the most beautiful women on Earth. You can make it happen, Larry. Make a boy's dream come true. **—Steven O.**
**Houston, Texas**

**We've forwarded your letter to HUSTLER Video.**

## Old School

I totally dug your article on '60s pinups ["Retro Cheesecake," October '11]. It sure is a relief after all that full penetration and wide-open pink you force me to look at!

**—Steve Swartz**
**Grass Valley, California**

## Second Coming

I was hornyfied to see *Barely Legal* babe Tiffany Thompson blazingly resurface in the October '11 HUSTLER ["Late Bloomer"]. This lady is ten kinds of fine! She is sexy, intoxicating and breathtakingly beautiful. It is hard to believe that guys didn't notice Tiffany until near the end of high school. On second thought, this younger generation of men can't find their dicks without their cell phone, iPod or laptop. Back in my day, if Tiffany walked past my crew in the hallway, we would all be alert like drug-sniffing dogs in a marijuana field.

Also, I've been smitten with Destiney Moore after watching VH1's *I Love Money*. And there she was in the glorious buff ["Full Throttle," September '11] with her dreamy green eyes, long dark hair, big nipples and deliciously candy-pink labia. I would love to see her again.

**—M.A.**
**Russellville, Kentucky**

## Flashback

I was very happy to see a vintage pictorial of Christy Canyon ["Candid Porn Superstar," September '11]. She used to be one of my favorite porn stars back in the day. However, I never noticed that she has some ugly "meat curtains"! **—Rob**
**Manchester, New Hampshire**

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

ANN COULTER FINALLY LURES ONE HOME
CHRIST... I REMEMBER WHEN THE MONSTERS WERE UNDER THE BED!
TOOLEY.

LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT

LARRY FLYNT'S
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# The Art of SANDRA CHANG

sandrachang.net

## GROVER NORQUIST

You are looking at the face of evil. Seriously—total, unequivocal, sociopathic evil. Conservative ringleader Grover Norquist has no ability to empathize with those who are suffering. He can only coolly and ruthlessly calculate how to expand his power base.

Like a soulless shark prowling the ocean for its next meal, Norquist has—in his search for power—gobbled up committee appointments and/or board memberships on at least 12 advocacy groups. It's been a quarter-century quest, and now this month's Asshole is on the brink of achieving his goal: the destruction of America's government!

The entity that is Norquist germinated in Weston, Massachusetts, under the influence of his father, Warren Elliott Norquist, a Polaroid Corporation vice-president. Given Grover's robotlike ability to hunt down and neutralize his prey, one can only wonder at the lack of nurturing he received as a child. It's almost as if Pappy Norquist turned the young boy upside down and poured his soul out of him, like water from a bucket.

That said, Grover sprouted politically as a 12-year-old GOP volunteer during Richard Nixon's 1968 Presidential campaign. (What better role model could a budding master of evil have than Tricky Dick?) By the time Norquist graduated from Harvard University, he had already blossomed into a full-blown conservative seeking to control public policy through radical activism.

To that end, the ambitious New Englander became executive director of the National Taxpayers Union and College Republican National Committee. The next stop was the U.S. Chamber of Commerce—another bastion of pure evil—where Norquist was an economist and chief speechwriter from 1983 to 1984.

Then came the right winger's big move. Encouraged by President Ronald Reagan, Norquist founded Americans for Tax Reform (ATR) in 1985. This is the outfit that has been quietly gathering pledges from Republican lawmakers not to raise taxes under any circumstances. (BTW: When it comes to the issue of not raising taxes, the ATR is only a lobbyist for the fat cats.)

The whole idea is to shift the tax burden away from the wealthy and the corporations onto the working class. And if these citizens have no jobs and can't continue to pay taxes, the solution is quite simple: Cut the federal government's allocations to states for schools, hospitals, roads and even personal healthcare. (Here's where the real death panels are.)

Now let us examine our claim that Grover Norquist is pure evil: "I don't want to abolish government," he quipped. "I simply want to reduce it to the size where I can drag it into the bathroom and drown it in the bathtub." He's talking about our country's ability to govern, serve the people and maintain law and order.

But maybe you think Norquist wasn't serious. Here's another telltale quote: "Cutting government in half in one generation is both an ambitious and reasonable goal. If we work hard, we can accomplish this and more by 2025. Then the conservative movement can set a new goal. I have a recommendation: To cut government in half again by 2050."

Please consider the foregoing carefully. Norquist—whose philosophy is detailed in a book titled *Leave Us Alone: Getting the Government's Hands Off Our Money, Our Guns, Our Lives*—is saying let everyone fend for themselves as best they can. He and his rich friends should do just fine. They have the money for healthcare and whatever. Ditto the corporations, which can force their employees to work longer hours with less pay because there's no government to regulate them. But you, dear reader—unless you happen to have major bucks—will be screwed.

Think it's all a pipe dream? Norquist and his pledge not to raise taxes (signed by the majority of the Republicans on Capitol Hill) is the reason the House of Representatives refused to compromise with President Barack Obama about raising the debt ceiling. And that's why Standard & Poor's downgraded America's credit rating.

Former Senator Alan Simpson (R-Wyoming)—now cochairman of Obama's National Commission on Fiscal Responsibility and Reform—told members of the House Budget Committee, "If you are in thrall to Grover Norquist, this country hasn't got a prayer."

Representative Christopher Van Hollen (D-Maryland) warned, "Until Republicans are more afraid of the deficit than they are of Grover Norquist, we're going to have a problem."

Then there's all this speculation about Norquist's ties to Islamic supremacists and jihadists. Crazy? Maybe. But it's worth noting that his wife, Samah, is a Kuwaiti-born Muslim. Islamic law proclaims that "it is not permissible for Muslim women to marry non-Muslim men." That's why Grover Norquist has been accused of being a convert to Islam, a contention he has never denied.

Of course, that doesn't necessarily make the guy an Islamist agent. But it's not just those on the Left who are perplexed and concerned about his apparent pro-Muslim agenda. According to a 2003 study conducted by Frank Gaffney of the Center for Security Policy (a neocon think tank), Norquist is enabling "a political influence operation to advance the causes of radical Islamists."

Also note that Samah Norquist is a public relations executive. PR people (publicists, if you will) are paid to lie. Oh, sure, they call it spin. But come on, it's lying, right? How perfect is that for the wife of a man who personifies pure evil? (BTW: Lookswise, the significantly younger Samah—she's 38, her husband 55—is nothing to hop up and down about.)

Finally, let us note that Norquist was tainted by the Jack Abramoff scandal. Apparently his Americans for Tax Reform laundered money from Abramoff, a Republican lobbyist who in 2006 pled guilty to fraud, tax evasion and conspiracy to bribe public officials.

Given all the foregoing, if there is a God, Grover Norquist will rot in hell. Unfortunately he's already making our lives hell. Hey, Grover, leave us alone!

Larken Love

Sunny Leone

Allie Haze

Katie Jordin

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

# HAZY NIGHT

Rising XXX starlet Allie Haze was the guest of honor at a party thrown by Vivid Entertainment. The red-carpet event, hosted by Sunny Leone, took place at the Roxbury nightclub in Hollywood. Besides signing with Vivid, Allie was also recently named the fresh face of the new *Emmanuelle* movie. The French soft-core franchise, which debuted in 1974, has been going strong ever since. We hope that working with the French doesn't rub off on the lovely Allie. She just wouldn't be the same with thick underarm hair and an unwavering love of Jerry Lewis.

***"I thank God I was raised Catholic, so sex will always be dirty." —JOHN WATERS, FILMMAKER***

## PORN FROM THE PAST

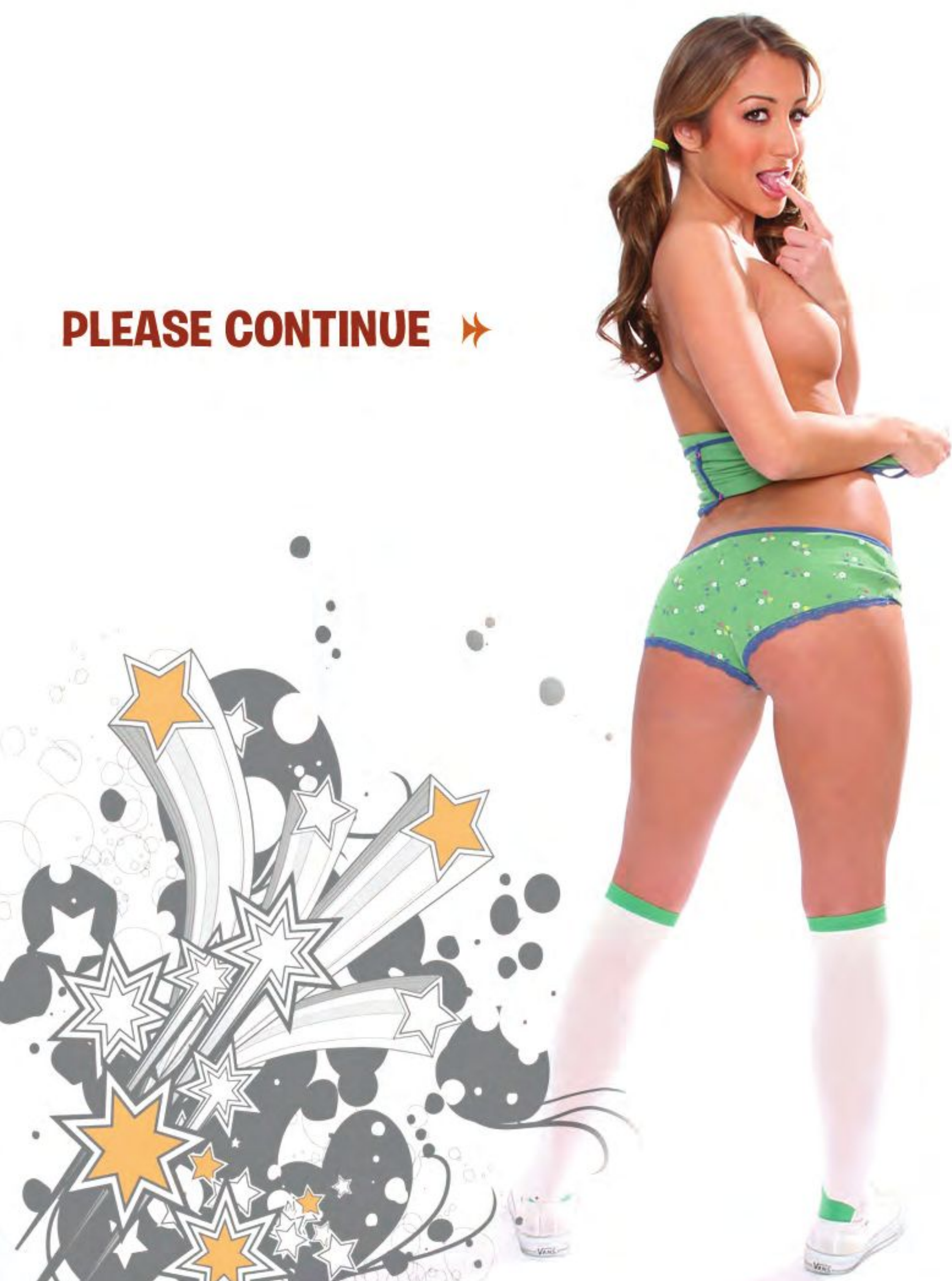
Here's a photo of yore depicting two women and a crazy modern gizmo known as the ladder. How adorable! Although unsure of how to fully utilize the implement, the ladies did manage to get the first step right: Remove all restrictive clothing. Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

## DRINK TEASE

Booze and scantily clad women have always been a dynamite combination. This was true even back in the 1950s, when novelty glasses known as "peek-a-boos" were all the rage. The exterior of each glass shows a semiclothed woman; the interior image depicts the same gal with nothing on. As you drink, the tiny chick's body is revealed. The Saudi Arabian version shows a woman flashing an ankle on the outside; on the inside she is being stoned to death. For more information, pick up Tigre McMullan's book *Collectible Girlie Glasses* on Amazon.

PHOTO BY TIGRE McMULLAN. DECAL MADE BY DURO DECAL COMPANY

PLEASE CONTINUE



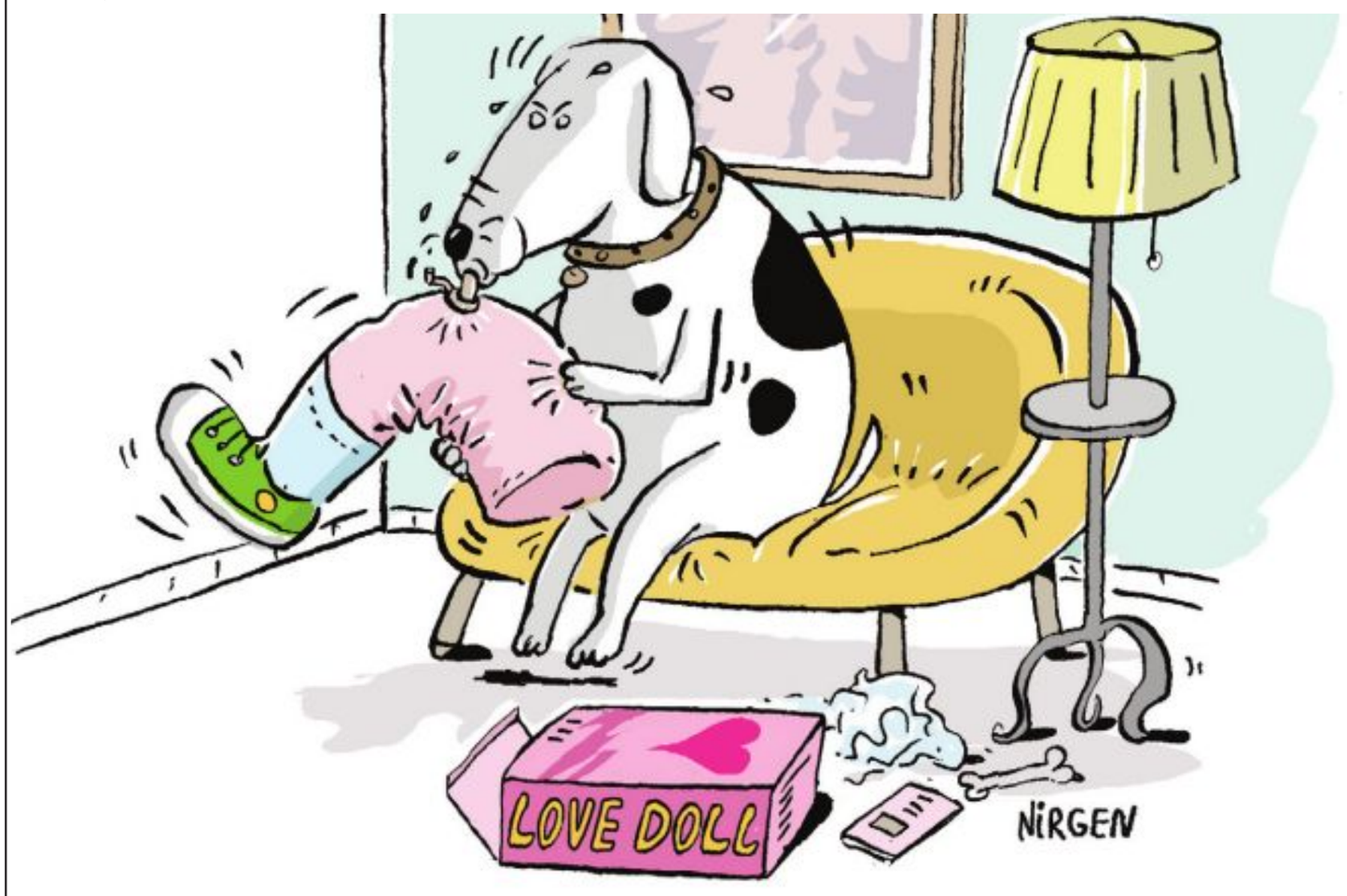
# PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #25

## TIMOTHY GEITHNER

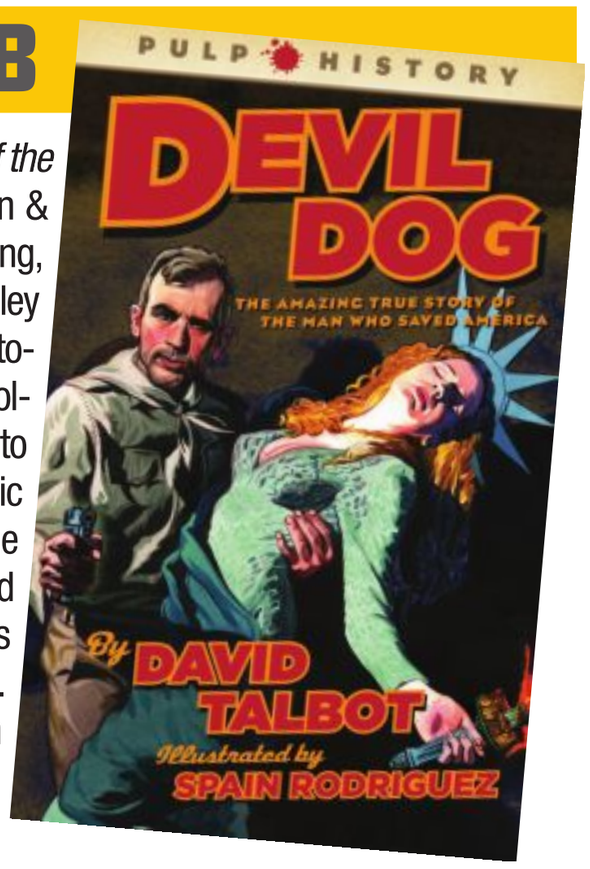
Treasury Secretary Tim Geithner appeared recently on *Meet the Press* with a grim forecast: Conditions for many Americans will be "harder than anything they've experienced in their lifetime—for some time to come." While that's likely accurate, Geithner didn't mention that his cronies from the banking industry certainly aren't doing much suffering. For Timmy's pals, the profits continue to flow in. Geithner could have pushed for nationalization of the "too big to fail" banks, thereby preventing future meltdowns. But Tim-Tim, guided by his belief in Milton Friedman economics, seems to prefer the status quo: The financial elites are coddled while the working class gets squeezed out of existence. Decades of Friedman's trickle-down economic strategy—which started with President Ronald Reagan—has proven to be a failure, but Geithner doesn't get it. We will continue to shit on Timmy's head until he quits or gets canned.

# BLISTERINGLY FUNNY

Nir Molad and Amos Ellenbogen prove that two minds are better than one, at least when it comes to creating crass and comical cartoons. The two Israeli artists, who met by chance at a comics fair, collaborated on a series of pieces collectively titled *Blisters.* For more of their work, check out the Web site **Nimro.com/Blisters/Blisters.html**.




# HUSTLER BOOK CLUB


PULP HISTORY
DEVIL DOG
THE AMAZING TRUE STORY OF THE MAN WHO SAVED AMERICA
By DAVID TALBOT
Illustrated by SPAIN RODRIGUEZ

SEAL OF APPROVAL — HUSTLER — SEAL OF APPROVAL

*Devil Dog: The Amazing True Story of the Man Who Saved America* (Simon & Schuster) tells the fascinating, largely forgotten tale of Smedley Butler. The first in a "pulp history" series, David Talbot's volume is no dry read thanks to Spain Rodriguez, whose comic book-style illustrations bring the past to life. In 1934, Butler—a decorated Marine—was approached by an elite group of powerbrokers who wanted him to lead a military coup to oust Franklin D. Roosevelt. Butler thwarted the shadowy plot that, had it been successful, would have plunged the USA into fascism.

*Devil Dog: The Amazing True Story of the Man Who Saved America* is available wherever books are sold.

# NEWSBITES

### SNIP SNIP

A California woman was arrested after she allegedly drugged her husband, tied him to their bed and then used a kitchen knife to cut off his penis. She wasn't finished though; the crazy lady tossed hubby's junk into the garbage disposal. The most horrifying part of this story might be that someone had to forage through the contraption for bits of flesh so doctors could attempt to reattach what was left of the dude's dick. Here's hoping the person took the time to pick out all of the eggshells and coffee grounds. What a job!

### PUKEFEST

A horrific discovery was made outside a Pennsylvania Bed, Bath & Beyond store. A worker found a large garbage bag containing…35 pounds of human vomit! Officials are mystified; they have no clue what could make a human being puke up a mass roughly the weight of a small child. Here's a thought: Was there a Ke$ha concert nearby the night before?

### LOVE HAS GONE TO THE DOGS

Another tragedy unfolded recently in scenic Ireland. It began innocently enough, just another version of the classic tale: Boy meets girl; girl has sex with boy's Alsatian dog; girl dies. The bestiality-loving gal, who was in her mid-40s, apparently had a violent allergic reaction to the canine's semen. The guy is now facing criminal charges. It's been a while since we've seen the movie, but isn't this the basic plot of *Love Story*?

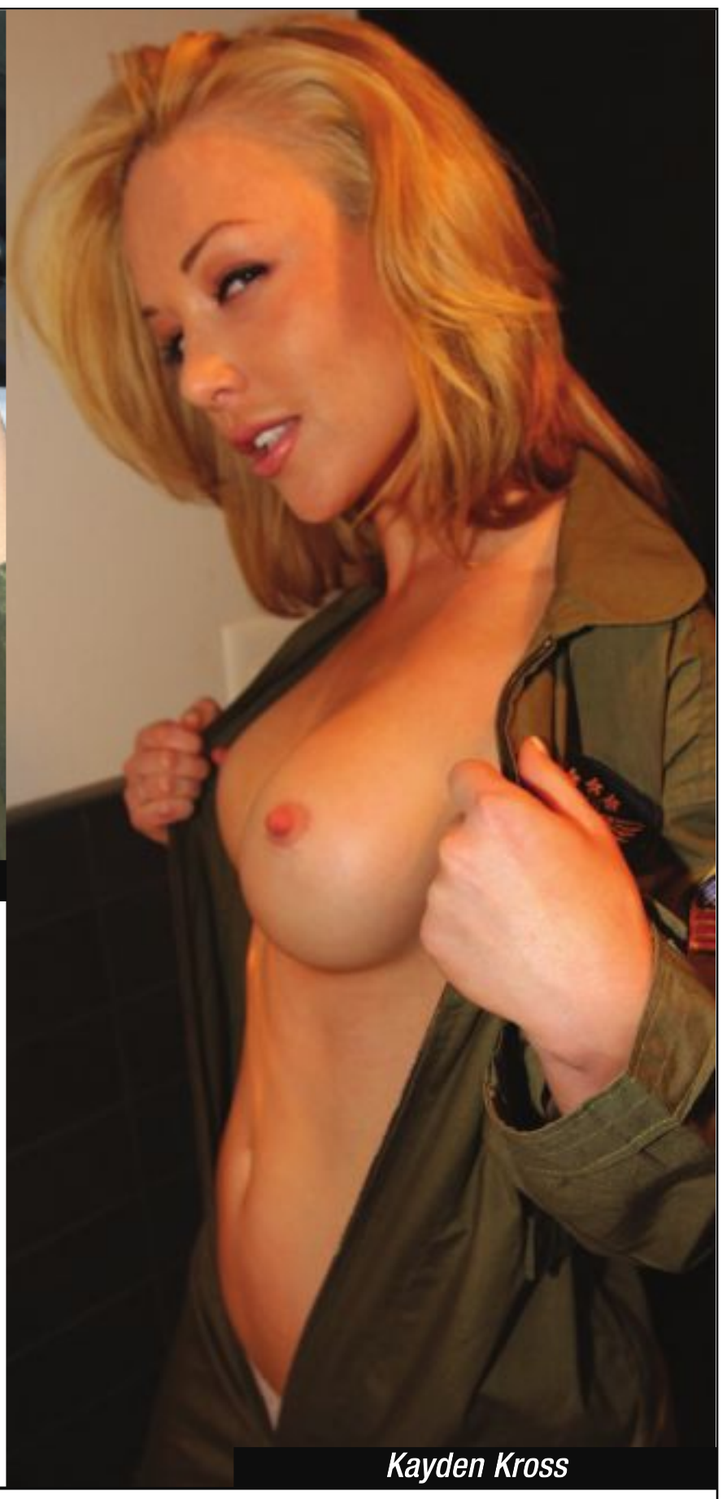
### THE DOCTOR IS OUT… OF HIS MIND

The cost of healthcare continues to rise, forcing many Americans to make drastic decisions. Tired of his hernia, a 63-year-old Californian took matters into his own hands. Using a butter knife (which seems to be a popular amateur medical instrument), the desperate fella tried to perform surgery on himself. When cops were summoned to help him he reportedly yanked the blade out of his abdomen and inserted a lit cigarette into the wound. Which is precisely how doctors are going to repair a hernia at cost-cutting hospitals one of these days.

*"My classmates would copulate with anything that moved, but I never saw any reason to limit myself." —EMO PHILIPS, COMEDIAN*

Jesse Jane exhibits her work

Jesse ready for takeoff



Kayden Kross

PHOTOS BY HEW BURNEY

# TOP GUNS

Jesse Jane and Kayden Kross, stars of the Digital Playground flick *Top Guns*, decided to find out whether appearing in a porn parody about Air Force pilots had prepared them to fly a plane. During a promotional appearance the two hotties donned flightsuits and interacted with fans at Sky Combat Ace, a Las Vegas attraction that offers patrons a real taste of the fighter pilot experience. Thankfully, when it came time to take to the wild blue yonder, Kayden and Jesse (HUSTLER's August 2011 centerfold) left the controls to the professionals.

# BUT CAN THEY CHEW GUM AT THE SAME TIME?

PHOTOS COURTESY ASSOCIATED PRESS

Over the past few decades, battles have been waged to ensure civil rights for women, minorities and gays. But what about sluts? Who is fighting for their inalienable rights? Females—promiscuous and prudish alike—from around the world, that's who.

Sparked by a Canadian cop's disparaging remarks about gals who dress in immodest ways, a group of women banded together to organize the first Slutwalk. The protesters led a march through the streets of Toronto, asserting a lady's right to be in charge of her own sexuality. They wanted to put to rest the archaic notion that "if a woman wishes to avoid unwanted attention, she shouldn't wear provocative clothing." These demonstrators had the crazy idea that, just because a chick wears a short skirt, it doesn't mean she's looking to be raped.

Since that initial march, Slutwalks have been staged in several American, European and Australian cities. If you support the cause, check your calendar—a horde of sluts might be descending on your hometown any day now.

***"The difference between pornography and erotica is lighting." —GLORIA LEONARD, PORN ACTRESS/MAGAZINE PUBLISHER***

Chat With

# REAL GIRLS NOW

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Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

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WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

**You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.**

**Come inside and get PERSONAL**

**START CHATTING NOW**

PEAK INSIDE

# FLOWERING BEAUTY

VYNESSA ORCHID

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITALDESIRE.COM

**Vynessa Orchid** never fails to take care of business, but she also recognizes the importance of making time to do nothing. “It’s easy to get so busy that you lose track of who you are,” the insightful Coloradan reflects. “I go a little nuts if I don’t have some down time every now and then.”

In fact, **Vynessa** looks forward to being lazy. “One of my favorite times is Sunday morning,” she reveals. “It’s such a great feeling to wake up and not have anything to do—no school, no work. I could stay in bed all day, reading a book or listening to music.”

Relatively new to the modeling scene, **Vynessa** truly enjoys being in front of the camera. “Hearing that little click when a picture gets taken turns me on,” the photogenic brunette admits. “When I look at the lens, I start thinking about all the guys who are going to see me naked and wondering who they are.”

**VYNESSA ORCHID'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: Denver, Colorado | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 100

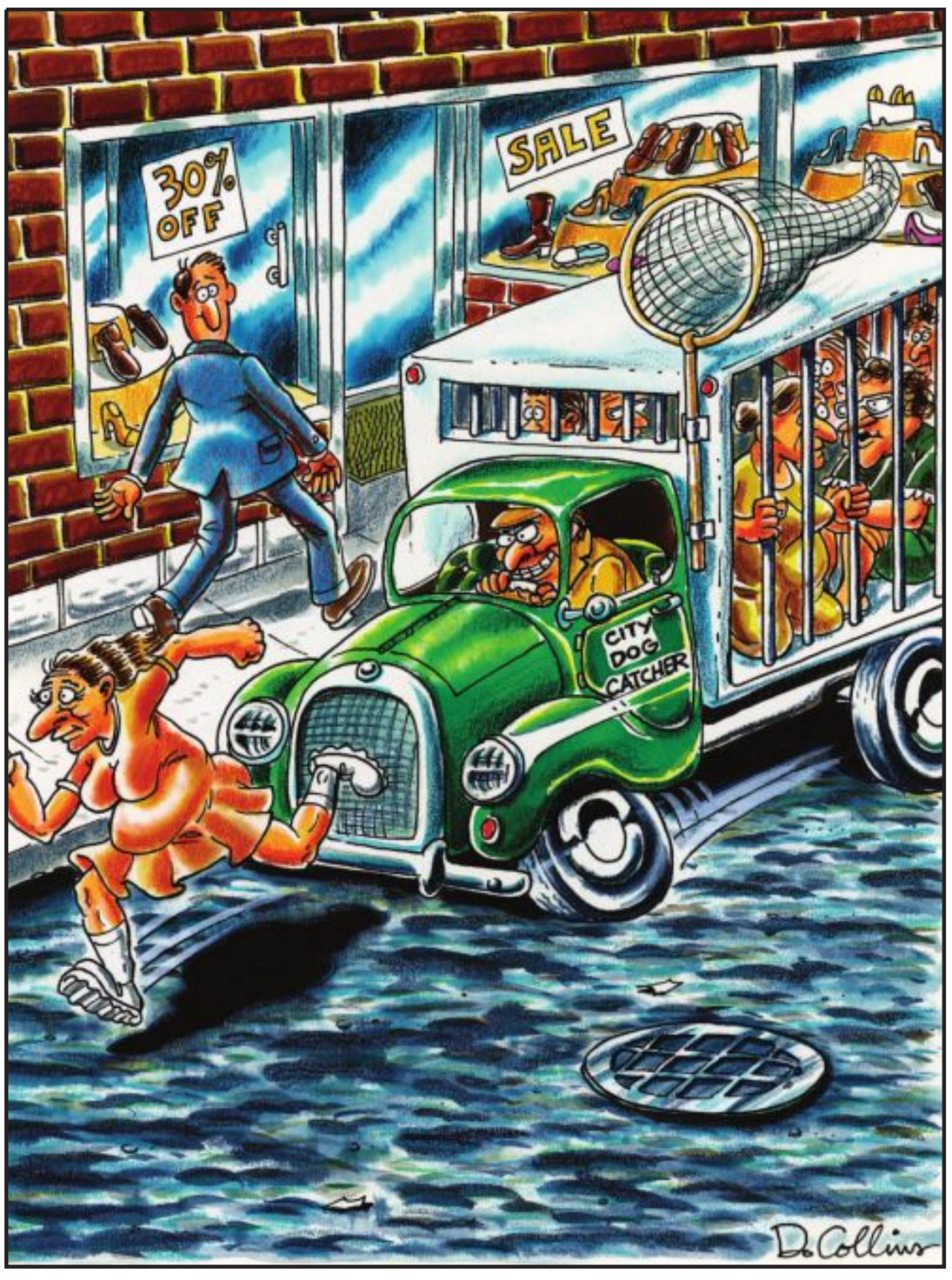
The diminutive darling gets a kick out of posing nude, but don't think of her as a mindless airhead. "I'm in college right now, studying geology," **Vynessa** informs us. "Most people think I just look at rocks all day. It's actually a very fascinating field; at least I think it is. I'm always telling my friends about what I learned in class; it probably just annoys them."

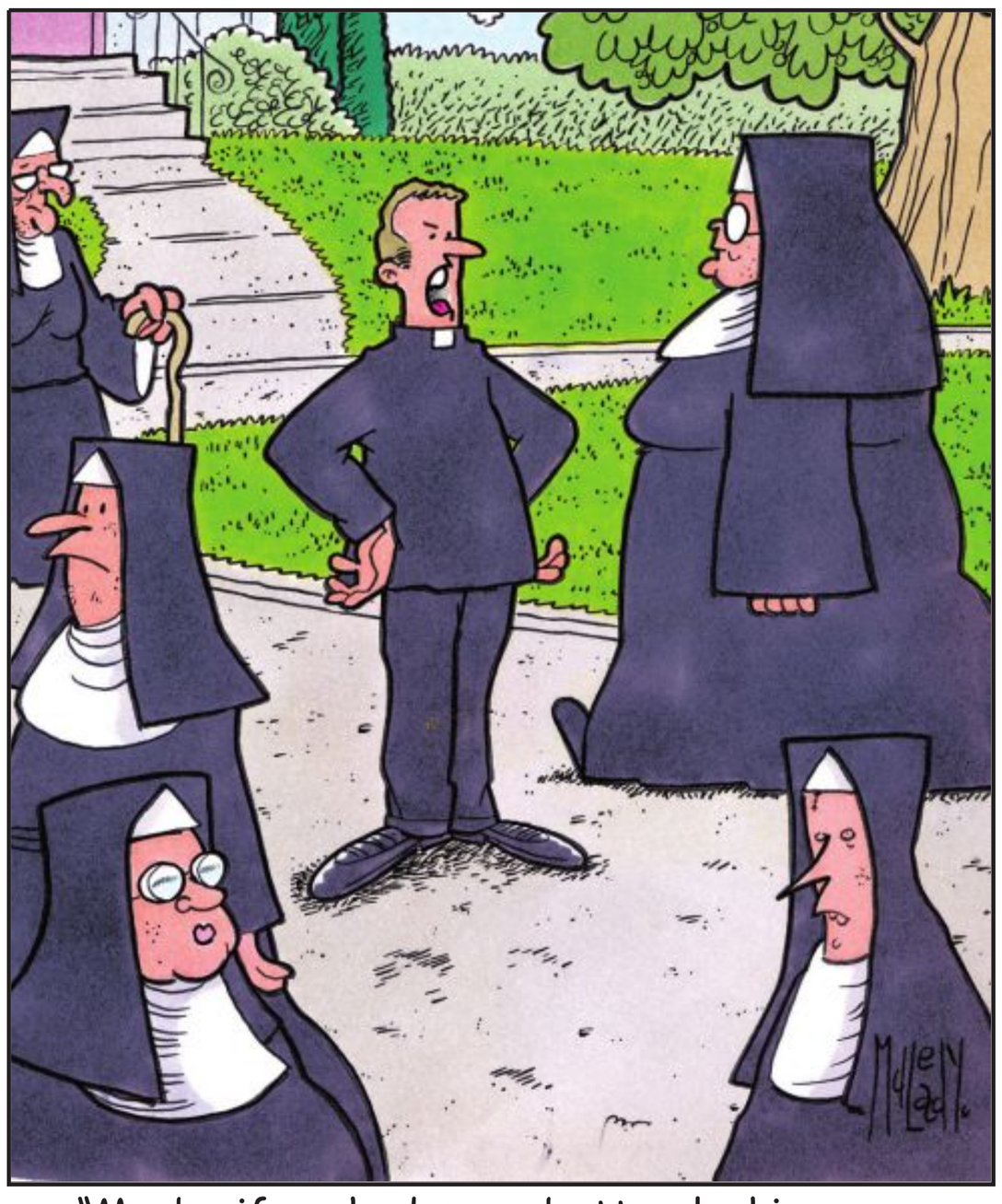
Frankly, we don't think there's much that **Vynessa Orchid** could do to annoy us.

# HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

"No gun…no drugs…well then, he's probably the one who killed JonBenet Ramsey."

"Sir, if you want your mail, it's over there up the dog's ass!"



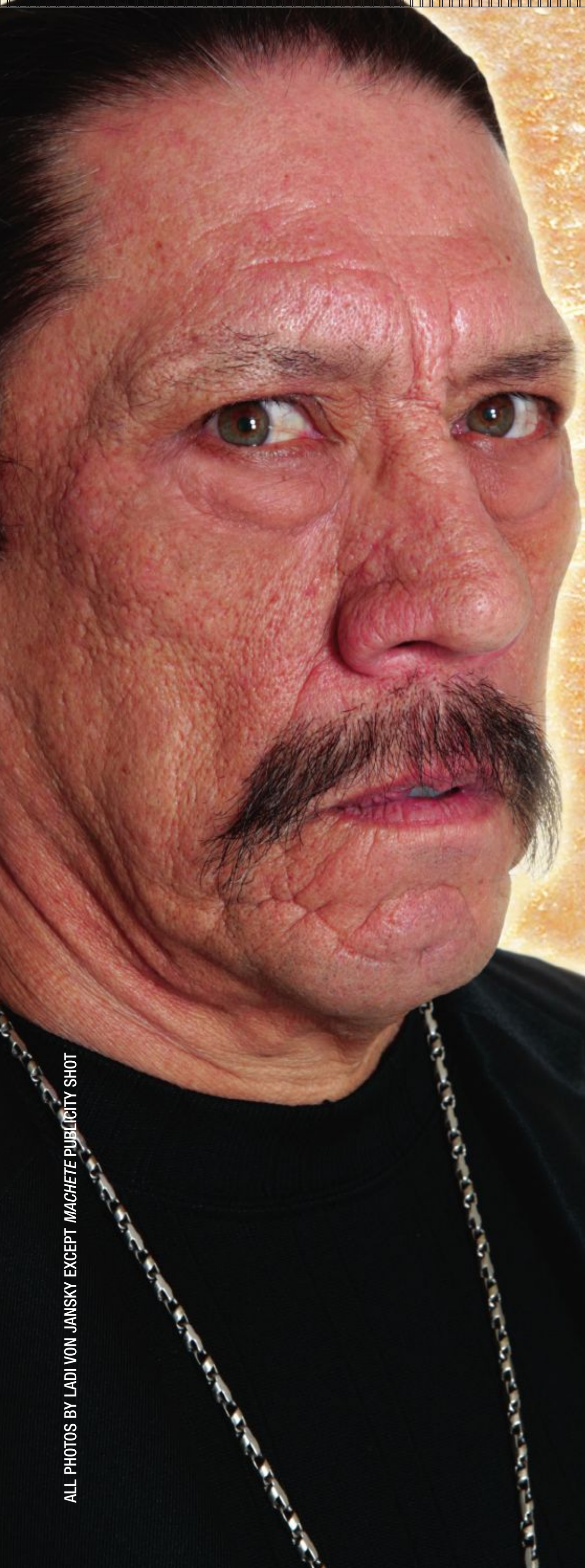




"Maybe if we had some better-looking nuns around here, us priests wouldn't have to go out and fuck little boys."

INTERVIEW BY ANTHONY PETKOVICH

# DANNY

## THE *MACHETE* STAR SHEDS LIGHT

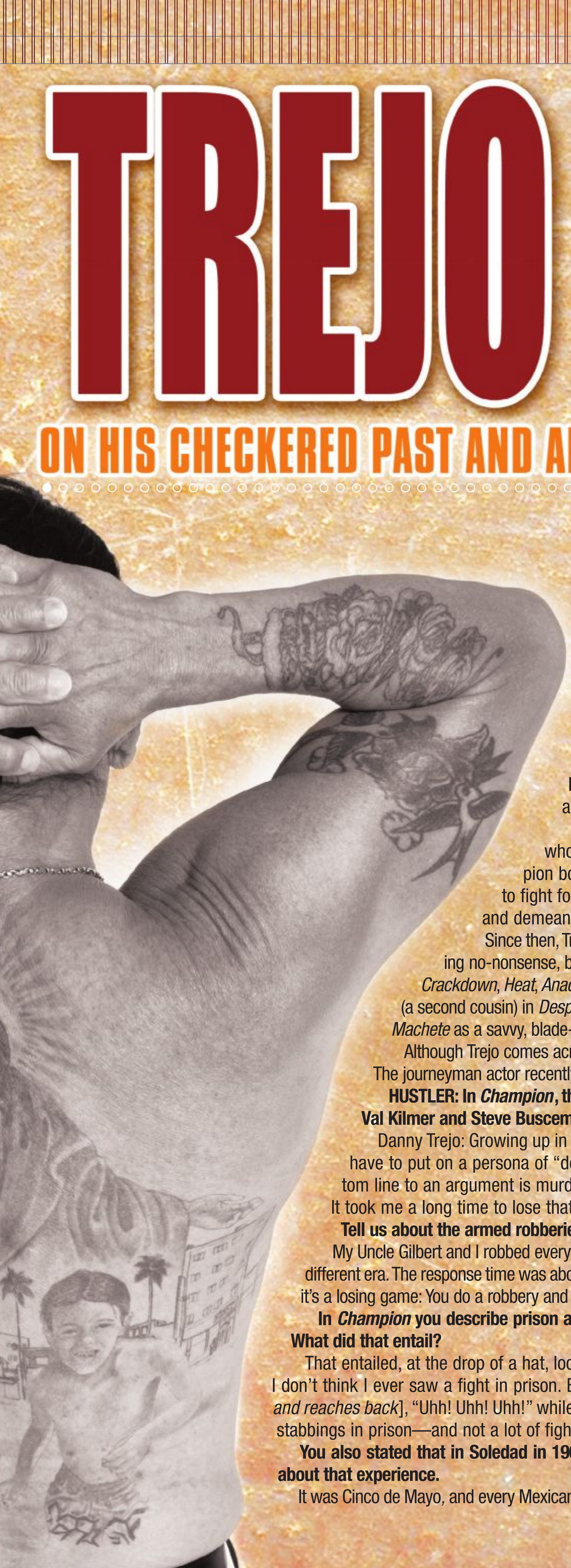


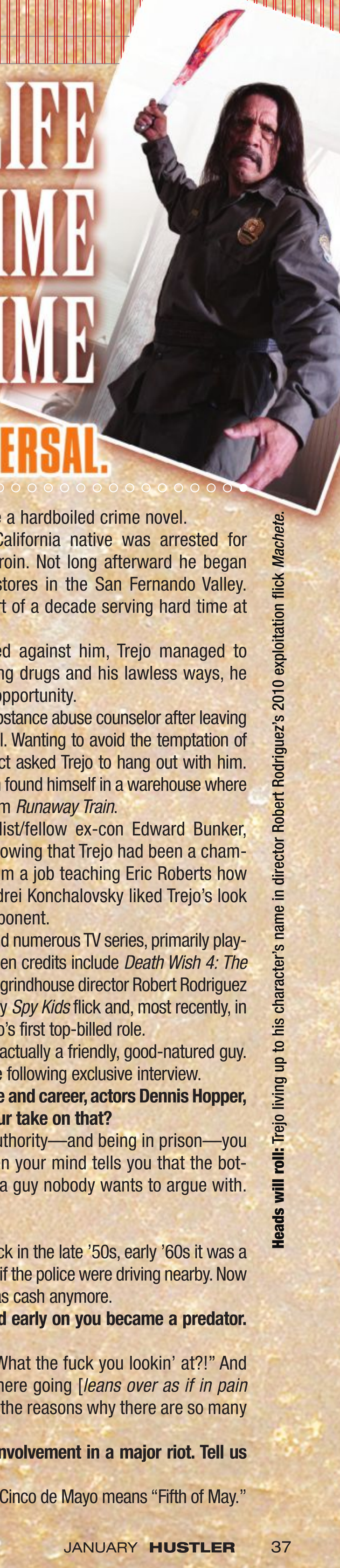
ALL PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY EXCEPT *MACHETE* PUBLICITY SHOT

# TREJO

## FROM LIFE OF CRIME TO BIG TIME

## ON HIS CHECKERED PAST AND AMAZING ROLE REVERSAL.





**Heads will roll:** Trejo living up to his character's name in director Robert Rodriguez's 2010 exploitation flick *Machete*.

Actor Danny Trejo's early life reads like a hardboiled crime novel.

In 1954, at age ten, the Southern California native was arrested for assault. By 12 he was shooting up heroin. Not long afterward he began holding up liquor and convenience stores in the San Fernando Valley. Ultimately he'd spend the better part of a decade serving hard time at various correctional facilities.

Although the odds were stacked against him, Trejo managed to climb out of the dark pit. Renouncing drugs and his lawless ways, he eventually stumbled upon a career opportunity.

One day, Trejo—who'd become a substance abuse counselor after leaving prison for good—got a fateful phone call. Wanting to avoid the temptation of drugs at his workplace, a recovering addict asked Trejo to hang out with him. Danny agreed. Much to his surprise, he soon found himself in a warehouse where a crew was shooting footage for the 1985 film *Runaway Train*.

There Trejo ran into friend/crime novelist/fellow ex-con Edward Bunker, who was one of the movie's scriptwriters. Knowing that Trejo had been a champion boxer while behind bars, Bunker offered him a job teaching Eric Roberts how to fight for a boxing scene. Meanwhile director Andrei Konchalovsky liked Trejo's look and demeanor so much, he cast him as Roberts's opponent.

Since then, Trejo has appeared in more than 100 films and numerous TV series, primarily playing no-nonsense, badass supporting characters. His early screen credits include *Death Wish 4: The Crackdown*, *Heat*, *Anaconda* and *Con Air*. Trejo has also worked for grindhouse director Robert Rodriguez (a second cousin) in *Desperado*, the *From Dusk Till Dawn* trilogy, every *Spy Kids* flick and, most recently, in *Machete* as a savvy, blade-wielding renegade Mexican lawman—Trejo's first top-billed role.

Although Trejo comes across as intimidating on the big screen, he's actually a friendly, good-natured guy. The journeyman actor recently stopped by HUSTLER headquarters for the following exclusive interview.

**HUSTLER: In *Champion*, the 2005 documentary chronicling your life and career, actors Dennis Hopper, Val Kilmer and Steve Buscemi all called you a "scary guy." What's your take on that?**

Danny Trejo: Growing up in Juvenile Hall and the [California] Youth Authority—and being in prison—you have to put on a persona of "don't fuck with me or I'll kill ya." And when your mind tells you that the bottom line to an argument is murder, there's no gray area. So you become a guy nobody wants to argue with. It took me a long time to lose that persona.

**Tell us about the armed robberies you committed.**

My Uncle Gilbert and I robbed everything we could—markets, walk-ins. But back in the late '50s, early '60s it was a different era. The response time was about 15 to 16 minutes; eight minutes, maybe, if the police were driving nearby. Now it's a losing game: You do a robbery and get $800 in credit card receipts. Nobody has cash anymore.

**In *Champion* you describe prison as composed of predators and prey—and early on you became a predator. What did that entail?**

That entailed, at the drop of a hat, looking somebody in the eye and saying, "What the fuck you lookin' at?!" And I don't think I ever saw a fight in prison. But if I *stab* you and walk away, you're there going [*leans over as if in pain and reaches back*], "Uhh! Uhh! Uhh!" while I'm half a [cell]block away. That's one of the reasons why there are so many stabbings in prison—and not a lot of fights.

**You also stated that in Soledad in 1968 you got thrown in the hole for your involvement in a major riot. Tell us about that experience.**

It was Cinco de Mayo, and every Mexican in that place was drunk. Everybody thinks Cinco de Mayo means "Fifth of May."

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It actually means "I Better Get Bail Money Because If I'm Mexican, I'm Going to Jail." (*Laughs.*) Anyway, it was alleged that during the riot I hit a lieutenant in the head with a rock. Drawing blood on an officer, striking a free person or striking an officer—those are all gas chamber offenses. They put me in solitary. I walk into the cell, see that somebody had smeared "GOD SUCKS!" with human shit on the wall, and I think, *This is the culmination of my life*.

And while in the hole, I looked at my life. And everything cool about me, everything hip about me, everything that I thought was an asset, it all got me right here—gettin' ready to die. I remember praying, "God, if you're there, it's going to be okay. If you're not—I'm fucked." (*Laughs.*) And then I said to God, "Okay, just get me through this. Let it be over, and I got your back. I'll do whatever you want me to do." I sat in the hole from Cinco de Mayo to August 23. The charges were thrown out of court. And when I got out of prison a year later, I dedicated my life to helping other people.

**You also were quite the boxer in prison.**

I started boxing when I was about eight years old. My Uncle Gilbert was about 14 then, and he was fighting Golden Gloves. I want to say I was his sparring partner, but I was more like his punching bag. (*Laughs.*) So I had to either learn how to box or get my head kicked in. And I became pretty good.

For my first match at age nine, I fought a kid who was about 14. The matches were at the local Burbank armory or out in a park. And when I got into the prison system, I knocked out the boxing champ there, and I was thinking, *Cool.*

After that, I always ran the boxing program while in prison, which is also a center point for any kind of illegal activity because things would come through the gym. So while boxing in prison, I still had my hand in it.

**What's your take on HUSTLER Magazine?**

I think I've written to about eight centerfolds, "Will you marry me?" (*Laughs.*) I remember when HUSTLER first came out, I used to love *Beaver Hunt*. Those models are just people you meet on the street; not a lot of airbrushing going on there. It's just like, "Here I am!"

**How do you feel about porn in general?**

One of the reasons I love Larry Flynt is because he took on *everybody*. He's saying, "You're 18 years of age and need some visuals? Good! Here they are." And the government is telling him, "No! You can't do that!" And he just tells 'em, "Yes, I can!" For good reason, kiddie porn is outlawed. But there's nothing wrong with looking at girls of legal age—especially in HUSTLER. I love HUSTLER!

**Do you have any favorite movie roles?**

I kind of like *Machete* because it's a culmination of all the films that I've done—just a badass killer. I also did an independent film called *SherryBaby* with Maggie Gyllenhaal. The movie shows what women go through after they come out of prison. And there's one scene where [Maggie's character] shows up at my house—she's all dirty, been out whorin', people have been usin' her—and I play an Indian sage who gives her a bath. But the bathing is not supposed to be sexual. Yet how do you give Maggie Gyllenhaal a bath and not look like you're enjoying yourself?

So when we were doing the scene, the director [Laurie Collyer] and I took a walk, and she said, "Danny, I want you to think of somebody when you're doing this scene."

"Shut up," I told her. "I don't play that fuckin' actor shit." Then I thought, *Wait a minute. What would a dad do if his daughter showed up at home like this—dirty, been on the street?* It was a tough role, but it was definitely the heaviest thing I've done in a movie. And the first time anybody ever pushed me into really being this [compassionate] guy instead of me just saying, "Gee, Maggie, you got nice titties."

**What was it like having such babes as Lindsay Lohan, Jessica Alba and Michelle Rodriguez on the *Machete* set?**

In Lindsay's case, it's gotta be tough being 25 and a movie star, wanting to party and having a camera following you all of the time. Some of it is her fault. Other times, she may trip accidentally, and there's a camera there to record it, and everyone thinks, *Omigod, she's loaded!* C'mon. If the camera followed us all of the time, they'd find some kind of smut on us too. But on the [*Machete*] set, Lindsay was awesome—as pro as anybody else.

And Jessica Alba, what can you say? I mean, *damn!* I kissed her eight times, and then my friends Craig, Mario and Max were trying to kiss me (*Laughs.*): "Gimme a kiss!"

Michelle Rodriguez? She's just a little kiss from God's lips. Go-to-hell gorgeous! A woman you'd rob banks for.

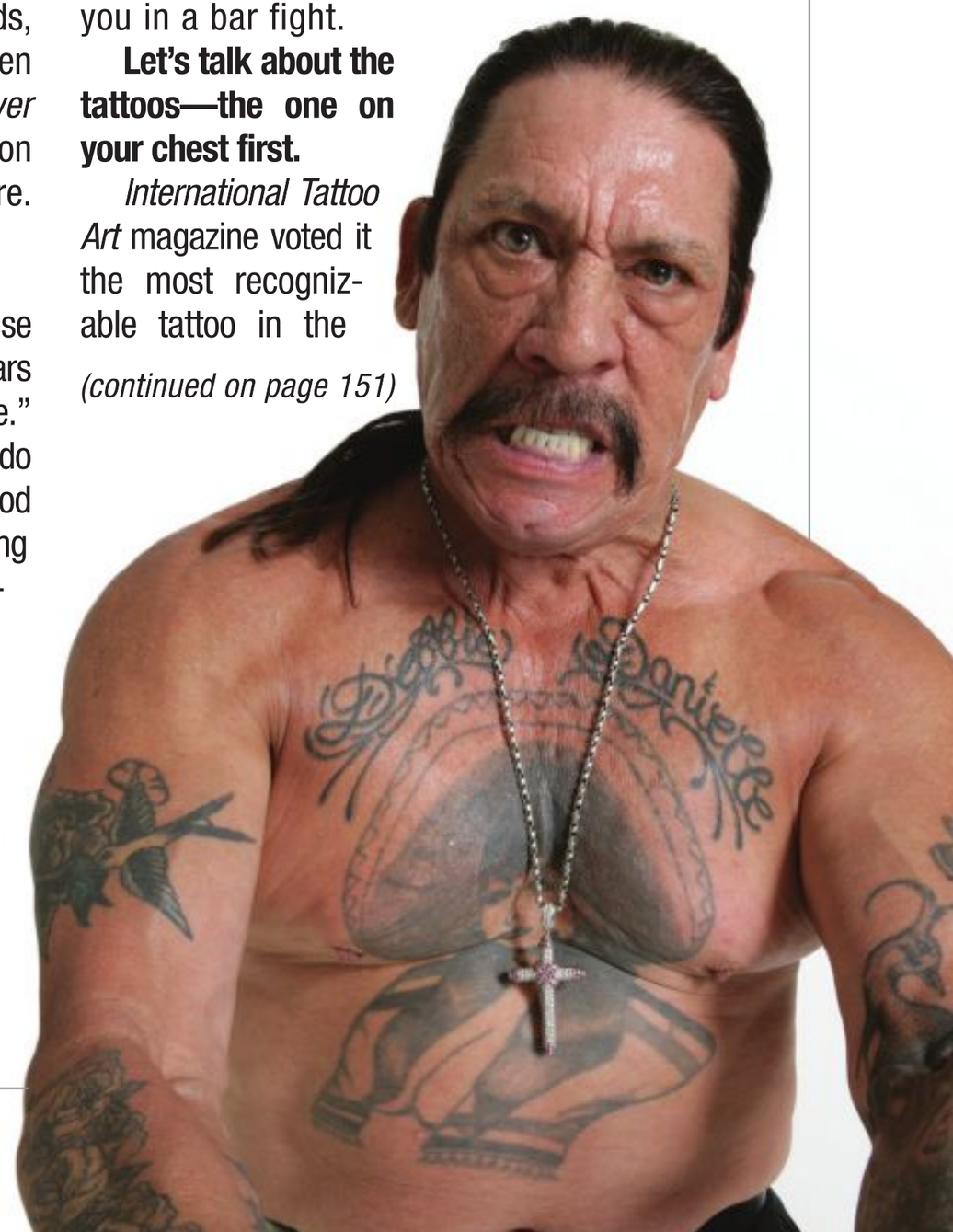
**But we won't go there, right?**

Right! (*Laughs.*) But she's beautiful—and tough. She's the kind of woman who'd help you in a bar fight.

**Let's talk about the tattoos—the one on your chest first.**

*International Tattoo Art* magazine voted it the most recognizable tattoo in the

*(continued on page 151)*



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*Looking Back:*

# DEBI DIAMOND

## *PORN'S LEAN, MEAN FUCKING MACHINE IS STILL GOING STRONG.*

**Debi back in the day:** (photos, top to bottom) Diamond goes glamour, goes grunge (both shots from 1995's *Deep Inside Debi Diamond*) and gets gang-banged (in director Greg Dark's 1990 *Between the Cheeks 2*).

PHOTOS COURTESY VCA PICTURES

**IN AN INDUSTRY THAT THRIVES ON SUPERLATIVES,** Debi Diamond can lay claim to all of them. Rocker Tommy Lee's experience with Debi is the best way to begin. In his book *Tommyland* the Mötley Crüe drummer recalled: "So I go to the bathroom, and two minutes later a hot blonde comes in, fucking rips my pants off, without saying a word, and sucks the FUCK out of my dick!

"The blood rushed to my head so fast that I blew chunks. After cumming, she bails immediately, metal style, and there I am with my pants down, feeling like a groupie. What the fuck just happened? It was epic!"

Debi Diamond belongs to the ages—Helen of Troy…Cleopatra…Catherine the Great…Mata Hari…Mae West…Marilyn Monroe—with a fire in her belly unmatched in adult entertainment. Insatiable, voracious and ravenous, Debi is a woman possessed, industrial strength, to the power of ten.

Debuting in 1983, Diamond quickly became one of the most prolific and profane performers of all time. In over 600 films the self-proclaimed "maneater" engaged in the most extreme acts with a ferocity unequaled by anyone. That's why Debi came to be known as "The Lean, Mean Fucking Machine."

Diamond claims she was never in the business to get rich or be a superstar. When horny, the 6-foot-tall vixen simply "worked cheap to get off." She readily admits, "I can't think of anything I haven't done in front of the lens."

Leading porn companies valued her versatility and dependabilty. "I was never a Vivid Girl," Debi reminisces, "but they sure as hell used me a lot because their girls didn't really enjoy it. They'd sneak me in the back door, and I'd give their candy asses a workout—and I didn't mind! By the time I was done, they weren't faking it. My Twitter name is Maneater. I guess I'm a woman-eater too! I love to taste and smell sex, and I do it now more than ever before. I'm excited to be alive and be who I am."

To top it all, when not tearing up the screen, Diamond is a devoted mother of three kids, making her the undisputed diva of MILFs.

Now fully into her career's third act, age has not slowed the lady down. Having launched Debi Diamond Films, the 46-year-old continues to be the ultimate sexual animal, dishing out domination and abuse like a Tasmanian devil.

Regarding an Anabolic gang-bang shoot in the early '90s, Debi recounts, "I was so covered in cum, I looked like a glazed doughnut. Afterwards the director called more guys because I was just starting. By the shoot's end, 27 guys had gotten off, and I got hornier with each one!"

Diamond's reputation for losing control is legendary. According to Anthony Petkovich's book *The X Factory: Inside the American Hardcore Film Industry*, while shooting *Butt-slammers #6* at director Bruce Seven's house, Debi was so enthralled that she destroyed his furniture. She finally requested a "take five," during which she masturbated herself to orgasm against a light boom. Only then was she able to regain enough composure to finish the scene as written.

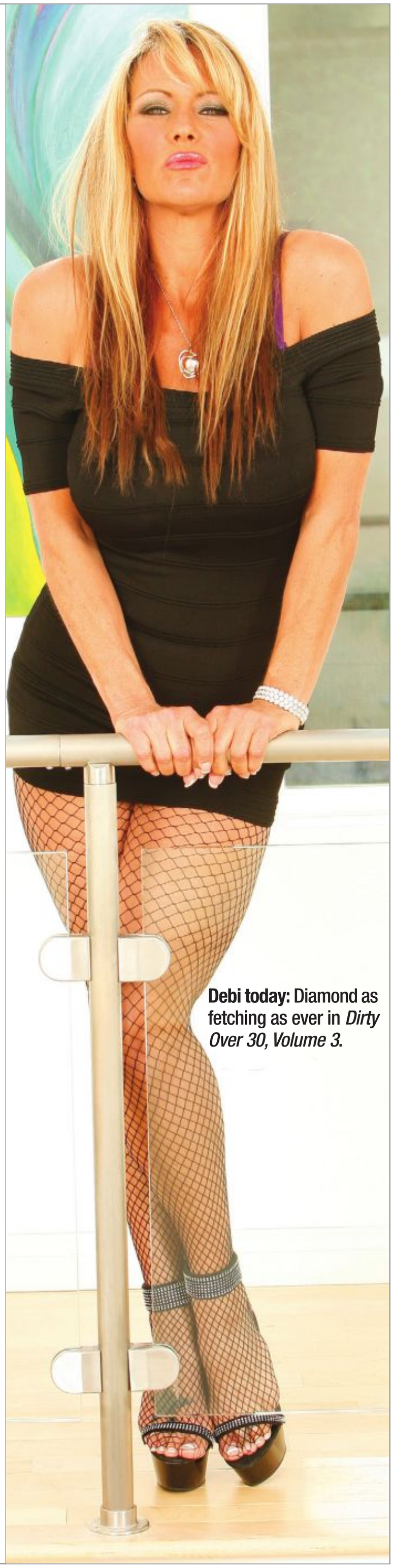
Debi relates how one day she surprised HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt. After admiring the dildo collection in his office, she grabbed one, plunked her ass down in a chair, spread her legs and pleasured herself for over an hour in an unforgettable private show.

Debi Diamond started in the business when porn's "Golden Age" was ending. *Her Wicked Ways*, *Bad Girls #2*, *All American Girls 2: In Heat* and *Suze Randall's Stud Hunters* are now Diamond classics. By the end of the 1980s she'd solidified her reputation as an energetic, spunky and insatiable performer who was up for anything, especially anal, double penetrations and gang-bangs.

Surprisingly, Diamond's personal life is devoid of the usual dark secrets held by many porn actresses. There's no evidence of childhood sexual abuse, no major psychological breakdowns or substance abuse, no personality disorders and no terrible losses or traumas. "Looking for my dark side?" Debi asks. "It's all up there on the screen."

Debra Lester was born on May 1, 1965. The future Debi Diamond spent her youth living a farmgirl's existence in Southern California's San Fernando Valley. Her father and grandfather were motion picture special-effects men, and as a kid, Debra had the inside track on getting small parts and walk-ons in countless films and TV shows.

Fiercely independent and an avowed loner, Debra was a tomboy whose favorite companions were her dog and horse. Naturally, she wasn't a social butterfly or part of her high school's in crowd. "I never wore makeup or put on high heels," Diamond recalls. "I was a motorcycle drag racer with short, greasy nails."



**Debi today:** Diamond as fetching as ever in *Dirty Over 30, Volume 3*.

PHOTO COURTESY THIRDDEGREEFILMS.COM

After graduating, Debra appeared in several TV series, including the original *V*, *The Dukes of Hazzard*, *The Fall Guy* and *Knight Rider*.

**Double-duty Deb:** The insatiable one gladly takes on Marco Banderas (left) and John Strong in 2009's *Cougar Club 2* (all photos this page).

But the fledgling mainstream actress soon learned that getting better jobs usually required sucking and fucking casting agents and producers. "This was cool for a while," she admits. "I got lots of parts and big checks. I had many wonderful affairs with the rich and powerful, but it got ugly."

Finally fed up with the roles she was getting, Debra decided to try porn. Signing with prominent adult-industry agent Jim South, she was soon appearing in numerous hard-core magazines and films under various pseudonyms. Before settling on Debi Diamond, the hot-to-trot Valley girl was taking porn by storm as Miss D.D., Deborah Diamond, Debi Dymond, Josi Emerson, Kaviar and other monikers.

Just as Diamond's popularity peaked at the 200-film mark in 1988, she engineered her first departure from XXX to become a legal secretary. Later she moved to Las Vegas, where she worked as a cocktail waitress and a poker dealer.

Ultimately, Hollywood producer Robert Evans (*Chinatown*, *Black Sunday*, *Urban Cowboy*) hired Diamond as his personal assistant. Through Evans, she met some of his big-shot contacts, including glamour photographer Helmut Newton. Debi's ardor and fearless bravado blew Newton away, and she became one of the world-famous shutterbug's favorite subjects.

Nevertheless, the lure of having sex on camera was overwhelming. Returning in 1989, Diamond was 40 pounds lighter and even more driven. "I came back with a vengeance and as a 24/7, full-on sex addict," she recollects. "I felt amazing and strong and was ready to fuck! I loved watching myself. I loved the fear I'd see in my partners' eyes. I was there every day that work was available! I was a fuck machine and happy to be me!"

Diamond's searing sexuality brought back her old fans and attracted new ones. Critics were impressed as well. Her XRCO-nominated performance in John Stagliano's *Gang Bangs II* (1989) is considered one of the greatest group sex scenes ever filmed.

Along the way, Debi was garnering prestigious kudos for her body of work. She was named *AVN*'s 1994 Female Performer of the Year, and a year later she garnered multiple *AVN* awards: Best All-Girl Sex Scene-Film (*The Dinner Party*), Best All-Girl Sex Scene-Video (*Buttslammers #4*), Best Group Sex Scene-Film (*Sex*) and Most Outrageous Sex Scene (*Depraved Fantasies*).

Still, even after being inducted into three porn halls of fame—XRCO, *AVN* and Legends of Erotica—the superstar's cravings were not satisfied. "In the evenings I'd seek out even more sex," Debi discloses. "I became a rock groupie and found a life outside porn. The rock star mentality was similar to mine: Fuck 'em and go! Today I know I was good at it after reading about myself in other band books besides Tommy Lee's."

Diamond's life abruptly changed in January 1994 thanks to the Northridge Earthquake. The experience was shattering in every sense of the word. Her house condemned, she put everything into storage, leaving the Los Angeles area without telling anyone.

"People thought I was dead," she says, "but it just had to be done cold turkey. It was my life, and I was determined to start a new one and prove that I could do something else."

The trail gets vague. Diamond moved around the country, stopping here and there to augment her nest egg as a stripper. Eventually she found Mr. Right, got married and settled down in farm country near Chicago. When asked about her husband, Debi—who's now single—replies, "All I can say is that he is the best man I ever met!"

PHOTOS COURTESY THIRDDEGREEFILMS.COM

Twelve years went by, and the normally outspoken Debi Diamond has little to say about her absence from the limelight: "It was a quiet life. We never fought; we bought a farm with horses, cows and the usual trappings. I had three kids. I loved being a mom and still do."

Debi adds, "My clock was ticking. I had never found the right father [with whom to raise a family], and I was really, really in love with someone for the first time in my life. I just had the feeling now's the time. You really can't turn back once you step through that door. I knew when I committed to [parenthood], it would be for a lifetime."

In 2006, Diamond began contacting people from the old days. Little by little she tested the waters, liked what she was hearing and slowly made the move back into porn.

Wanting to produce her own distinctive brand of erotica, the XXX legend established Debi Diamond Films in 2010. With sweeping changes in porn and the Internet, Debi knew she had to do something radically different.

She joined the femme-dom fetish crowd, catering to aficionados of strap-ons, cock-and-ball torture, electro-play, ass and foot worship and related kink that commands top dollar from consumers willing to pay for unconventional depravity. As Debi explains, "It's all the delicious things a bossy girl like me would enjoy filming—and watching! So I hired beautiful Amazons who love to beat the shit out of willing male slaves."

Conveying Diamond's sense of humor and characteristic irreverence, her company's first title—*This Isn't Max Hardcore*—took a shot at the now-imprisoned extreme-sex maestro. The video parody was nominated for the 2010 *AVN* Award for Best New Strap-on Release.

Diamond hosts a freewheeling show on SiriusXM's Spice Radio and writes for the Internet site *AIN News*. She's also a fervent animal rights activist who'll scramble up the coast with the kids at a moment's notice for volunteer work at the Ventura County Wildlife Association.

When asked about her future professional plans, Debi is direct: "Sex, sex, sex and more sex. Directing, writing, fucking, traveling—the sky's the limit!"

However, her top priority is being a responsible, caring parent. "I can't imagine life without hearing the word *mom*," Debi says. "It's so life-altering. No hesitation. It takes first place over everything else, including my career in sex."

Michael McClay is a 30-year veteran as an editor, publicist, journalist and creative consultant for numerous companies "from G-rated to adults-only." He is currently writing "the complete picture history of X-rated entertainment."

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK PELLEGRINO

Since a popular recording artist has already claimed the moniker Rihanna, this bodacious brunette will never be famous enough to go by one name. Nevertheless, that hasn't deterred **Rihanna Rimes** from dreaming big. "I definitely want to be a star," she readily discloses. "Who doesn't?"

Brand-spanking-new on the modeling scene, **Rihanna** is quickly proving to be a natural. "The idea of posing nude doesn't intimidate me at all," the Apple State hottie reveals. "I feel really comfortable stripping down for the lens, even though I definitely had some butterflies before my first shoot!"

It seems that **Rihanna** has a little trick for dazzling photographers and whoever sees their work: tapping into her inner wild child. "Sometimes I can be shy in real life," she explains, "but when I'm in front of the camera, I don't have any fear. I get in touch with my uninhibited side, the part of me normally only my lovers get to see. I let it all hang out!"

Speaking on behalf of men everywhere, we're delighted that **Rihanna Rimes** opted to open up for us.

For more Rihanna Rimes, check out *Barely Legal #118* and *This Ain't Lady Gaga XXX.* Both are available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

**RIHANNA RIMES'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: Seattle, Washington | AGE: 20 | BIRTH SIGN: Libra | HEIGHT: 5-8 | WEIGHT: 130

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BY M. ALLEN NATHAN

# DOOMSDAY SURVIVAL GUIDE

## WHAT YOU SHOULD DO WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE FAN.

**The ancient Mayans prophesied that the world would go to hell in a handbasket on December 21, 2012.** Now it seems the Mayans may have been right: NASA scientists are predicting a solar storm in 2012 or '13 that could knock out electrical grids—possibly all around the planet, thrusting mankind back into the 18th century and a *Mad Max* existence. Even if they are wrong, the odds are that sooner or later a mega-tsunami, super volcano, asteroid or catastrophe induced by a pack of dumb assholes wearing either turbans or Wall Street pinstripes is going to slam us pretty hard. You can either prepare for the unforeseeable or wait to die.

Consider a nuclear crisis: In the case of a bomb, assuming you know one is about to be detonated, it's best to find underground shelter ASAP, preferably somewhere with a good air-filtration system. The key to surviving a nuclear weapon explosion is to place sufficient mass between you and the ensuing thermal radiation.

A nuclear blast's signature mushroom cloud sends contaminated dust high into the atmosphere. This hazardous material then drifts with the wind and settles back to Earth, hence the term *nuclear fallout*. Even if it doesn't get on you, this is extremely dangerous stuff because it still emits radiation, which can penetrate walls and roofs. That's why you want to get as far below ground as possible.

Nuclear fallout loses its intensity relatively quickly. That means the outside air gets less dangerous with each passing day. If you can find your way to the basement of a building, subterranean parking garage, a subway tunnel, etc., the government claims you should be able to venture above ground after a few weeks. Others, however, dispute that notion, saying the government came up with a shorter time frame to quell public fears during the height of the Cold War.

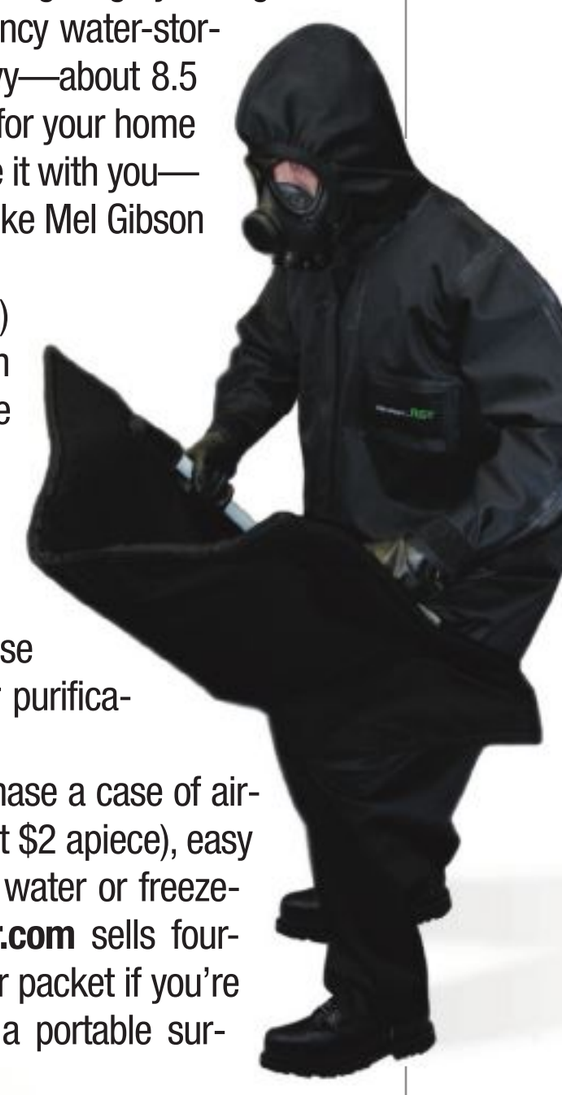
In the case of a nuclear plant accident, your best option is to put as much distance between yourself and the facility as possible. A reactor sustaining major damage—such as what occurred most recently at Japan's Fukushima power plant—can take years to cool down while it continues to spew radioactive particles into the environment. The 1986 nuclear accident at Chernobyl led to a government-mandated exclusion zone that still remains in effect. A Russian study concluded that approximately 985,000 excess deaths occurred between 1986 and 2004 as a result of radioactive fallout in the most severely contaminated areas of Belarus, Russia and Ukraine. The point being, if there's a nuclear plant accident near you, don't even waste time packing. Just go!

Radiation Shield Technologies (**RadShield.com**) makes the Giorgio Armani of full-body protective suits. Its suit was originally designed for emergency personnel evacuating people from a dirty-bomb scenario. Considering the sophisticated level of safety the RST suit provides, it is relatively light, flexible and cool inside. The cost is $1,700 per suit. You can find cheaper alternatives, but you have to consider that a shield against high-energy beta particles—and an array of other potentially lethal contaminants—might not be the wisest place to skimp on money. You should also have a Geiger counter to warn you of radiation exposure. **Anything Radioactive.com** has an excellent selection of Geiger counters and protective items.

Then there are the basics. The checklist is pretty straightforward. The primary variable is the amount of supplies. Are you trying to get through the end of the week or the End of Days? The answer is, of course, that there is no answer. How large a stash you'll need to ride out a shitstorm du jour is a personal decision.

In any event, you'll need a supply of something everybody takes for granted: water. In the aftermath of a catastrophe, it's possible that clean water may not be available for any number of reasons. However, don't stock up on store-bought water. It doesn't have a long shelf life because the bottles, which aren't airtight, allow bacteria to seep inside. Also, the plastic can't withstand extreme temperatures during lengthy storage.

You'll need to get specially designed emergency water-storage containers. Keep in mind that water is heavy—about 8.5 pounds per gallon. If you buy a huge water tank for your home and later have to move, you won't be able to take it with you—unless you happen to have a giant tanker truck like Mel Gibson did in *The Road Warrior*.



Baytec Containers (**BaytecContainers.com**) is the largest seller of water-storage barrels on the Net. Starting at $39.95, Baytec's barrels are are all made of high-density polyethylene plastic, which is the primary material approved by the FDA for water storage. Baytec also has an excellent selection of faucets and spigots to drain the contents. (Note: Although essential, these accessories are sold separately.) Invest in water purification tablets as well

While you're water-container shopping, purchase a case of airtight mylar bags. They're cheap (starting at about $2 apiece), easy to store and can protect three to ten gallons of water or freeze-dried food. The highly regarded **Survival-Gear.com** sells four-ounce prepackaged water for about 60 cents per packet if you're planning to put together a portable survival kit.

*Photos, far left and right: radiation protective wear, including full body suit, gloves, boots and shield (photos courtesy Radiation Shield Technologies); above: elaborate Geiger counters and other nuclear novelties (photo courtesy anythingradioactive.com).*

Stock up on nonperishable food items, vitamins and nutritional supplements. Also purchase a portable camping stove in the likely event your home's electricity is shut off. Lots of places sell nonperishable food, but the top of the line for quality and selection is Ready Reserve Foods (**ReadyReserveFoods.com**). Established in 1972, it is the oldest continually operating food-storage company in the country. Besides offering a huge selection of popular fruits, vegetables and protein items, Ready Reserve guarantees the shelf life of its products for at least 15 years. (No need to be a gloomy Gus. Even after Armageddon, you still can have country ham, eggs and bacon for breakfast.) Ready Reserve sells portable stoves and water supplies as well.

Once it's safe to venture outdoors, find a spot on your property to start a garden where you can grow your own fruits and vegetables. Looking ahead, make sure you purchase seeds that are nonhybrid—nongenetically modified. Nonhybrid seeds can be harvested at the end of the growing season and used for the following year's planting, while hybrids can't.

Ready Reserve sells seeds, but Heirloom Organics is a top choice among amateur and professional gardeners. The firm takes its work pretty seriously, proclaiming on **Heirloom-Organics.com** that "it is our patriotic duty to defend the genetic integrity of our food supply by growing, saving seeds and sharing original varieties." Heirloom Organics matches its patriotic fervor with not only a great selection of plants but also lots of nutrition and planting information for novices. In addition, Heirloom Organics uses a special method of seed preparation for long-term storage, stating that its products boast up to twice the shelf life of "normal" seeds.

Prepare your living space. Assume you won't be able to go to the store to buy what you suddenly discover you need. Keep a stockpile of hygiene items like toilet paper, paper towels, deodorant, toothpaste and soap. Have some basic tools on hand, as well as an emergency hand-cranked portable radio, portable cell phone charger (check out Radio Shack and Kmart for both), face masks and plenty of matches, lighters, flashlights, batteries, flares and candles. Plan to heat your home with an alternative source of fuel. Propane heaters are inexpensive, and if you have access to wood, a wood-burning stove is even better.

Consider purchasing an emergency solar generator, a power source that has become surprisingly affordable. You can run a 1,200-square-foot house on a solar generator that sells for about $1,500 at your local Home Depot. Mini-solar generators (available at **Amazon.com**) capable of powering several appliances—including USB adapters for computers—start at about $250.

Invest in a medium-size safe to store valuables. In a short-term, extreme situation you might not find an open bank or functioning ATM, so having cash is important. Of course, if there's a currency collapse, paper money would be worthless, so also stash some gold. The timeless metal will always retain its value—unless the planet is hit with an apocalyptic nightmare, meaning it's crunch time. Seeds for crops will have the prestige of the American Express platinum card. Food and water will become the luxury items everyone covets.

The civilized world runs on gasoline. If it's early enough in a calamity, drive to your nearest gas station and fill your vehicle's tank. Also consider storing some extra fuel. Like seeds, gasoline will become valuable as barter during a disaster. Inexpensive plastic five-gallon cans will do the job, but keep them in a well-ventilated storage area. If you survived your neighborhood blowing up, it would be a shame if—out of stupidity—you ended up obliterating yourself. Since gasoline goes bad over time, pick up some canisters of gas stabilizer as well. It will keep fuel fresh for up to a year. STABIL is a good brand that's sold at most auto-parts stores and retailers' automotive sections. (Note: in the event of an electromagnetic pulse from a nuclear weapon or solar flare, the computer chip in your car may already be fried—making gasoline a useless commodity.)

In Germany, during the Weimar Republic (1919-1933), hyperinflation got so bad that farmers stopped hauling produce to urban areas because they didn't want to exchange their crops for worthless paper money. Mobs of city dwellers then went out to the countryside and looted the farms to ensure their own survival. In modern America, there's civil unrest and rioting in the streets when a city's sports team wins a championship. One can only imagine the chaos if society broke down entirely.

The point is to be prepared to defend yourself, your loved ones and your possessions. Have at least one shotgun, rifle or handgun, as well as a supply of ammunition. If you've never fired a gun before, go to a shooting range and practice.

While planning your survival strategy, consider lifeboat communities. These are groups of people who have banded together (or who plan on doing so) to pursue self-sufficiency in a secure location. While life is rosy, this option might seem extreme, but if the world breaks down into an

*Photos, top to bottom: Demron radiation protection suit (photo courtesy Radiation Shield Technologies); emergency preparedness items, including cooking supplies and 50-hour candles (photo courtesy Ready Reserve Foods Inc.); and a "Rucksack Survival Kit," containing everything from Tube Tent to Wind Up Radio (photo courtesy Survival-Gear.com).*

every-man-for-himself scenario, finding refuge with a well-organized group could ensure your survival. To get a sense of what these communities are all about, check out **Earthaven.org**. It notes that in a mountain forest near Asheville, North Carolina, about 60 advocates of a healthy, holistic lifestyle are building their own sustainable self-described Ecovillage.

However, if all of the above preparations feel like too much damn work (we're Americans, after all), there's another option: an underground shelter network. If you can afford to buy a spot, it's a wise investment as long as you've got time to evacuate before your neighborhood turns into a ghoulish hellscape.

Already a handful of developers are making it possible for entire mini-societies to exist beneath Earth's surface. In secluded locations around the globe, structures strong enough to withstand a nuclear explosion are being built. They will be fully stocked with enough food and water for several hundred inhabitants to hole up for a year.

With 20 projects in various stages of development across North America and a half dozen in Europe, the Vivos Group (**TerraVivos.com**) is the most ambitious of the lot. One shelter in Barstow, California, and the other outside Omaha, Nebraska, will be turn-key ready within the year—complete with appropriate security (i.e., guns and ammo).

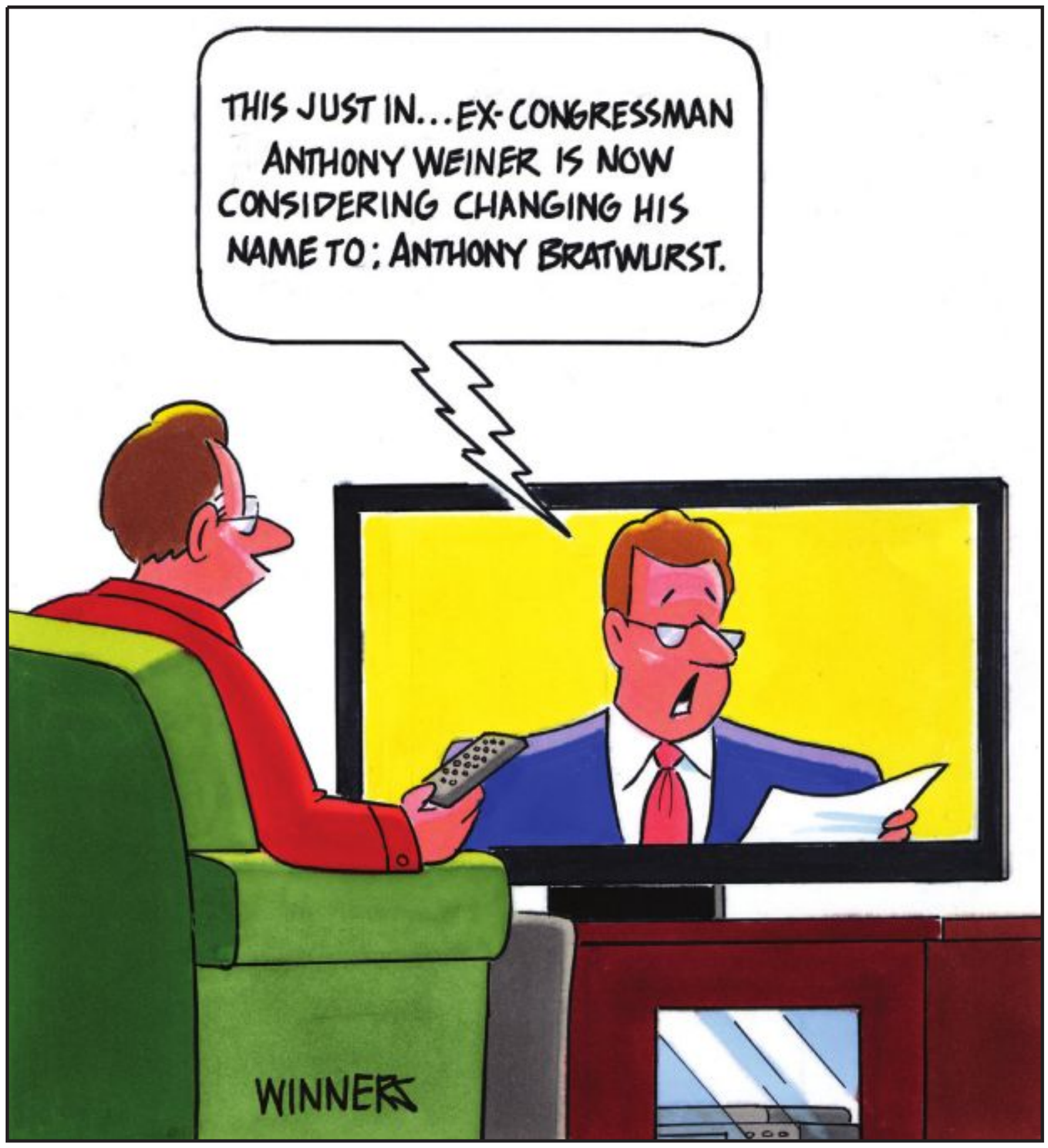
"We're selling life assurance," explains Vivos Group founder Robert Vicino. "We're like fire extinguisher salesmen. We hope to God nothing terrible happens, but we offer an answer in case it does." Depending on the location, it costs about $25,000 to $50,000 per person to purchase this "life assurance."

If you're the lone-wolf type and have anywhere from $250,000 to 2 million bucks to spend on the ultimate private shelter, look into buying a decommissioned missile silo. Scattered all around the country, these Cold War relics are the only real estate listings in existence that are described as "nuclear hardened." In short, these abandoned military installations are generally massive fixer-uppers. Check out **MissileBases.com** to get an idea of what it would take to own a subterranean fortress suitable for a head of state.

If you're not into drastic bunker remodeling but still have a hankering to live beneath tons of rock, look into a home for sale in the San Juan Mountains of southwest Colorado. As stated online at **Bornrich.com/entry/the-indestructible-home**, for a mere $495,000 the current owner will let go of his 2,500-square-foot mountain home (meaning a structure *in* a mountain, not on one) complete with its own safe room, security system, solar-powered generator and high-tech air- and water-filtration systems, to name but a few essential post-apocalypse amenities. Personal supplies and weapons not included.

If you don't have that kind of money in your budget right now, at least get on the Internet and buy the basic necessities to put together a survival kit—and don't forget to keep that gun handy.

Television writer/director M. Allen Nathan is a two-time Emmy Award-winner. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also works as a script doctor on major Hollywood films.



"Don't waste your wish, Albert. I will never put it in my mouth!"

# CYBERSEXY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. STEPHEN HICKS FOR HICKSPHOTO.COM

# BRITTANYS BOD

**Brittanys Bod** is no fool. "I have a pretty good idea what guys first notice about me," the gorgeous bra buster reckons. "It's obviously my big boobs! I'm very proud of my body, so I definitely take it as a compliment when dudes stare at me."

"Everything's bigger in Texas!" exclaims **Brittanys**, who was born and raised in the "Big D"—Dallas. "I love it there. The people are nice, plus we have the NBA champions, my beloved Mavericks."

Basketball gets **Brittanys** excited, and so does posting sexy pictures and videos for her admirers. "I think it's awesome how connected you can be to your fans," the computer-savvy exhibitionist observes. "I keep a blog on my site that I'm constantly updating with stuff. It's a great way to get to know the real me."

**Brittanys** is definitely a woman of the digital age. “I can’t even imagine what it was like before the Internet,” she coos. “I guess you’d go shoot a video, but it wouldn’t come out for weeks, and you’d never know who watched it. Now I can upload a steamy vid of me in the shower, and my fans can see it right away!”

We salute any and all technological advances that help us keep an eye on **Brittanys Bod**.

**BRITTANYS BOD'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: Dallas, Texas | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 115

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

# LIFELIKE

## The Tantalizing

# GODDESSES

## Pinups of Jessica Dougherty

Welcome to the sultry, scintillating domain of digital artist Jessica Dougherty—a veritable fantasy world where all the women are soft, supple and eager to please. Her computerized concoctions of the female form depict big-breasted, full-lipped, curvaceous beauties in pinup perfection.

A sexy and sweet Southern belle from Louisiana, Jessica could pass for a pinup model herself. She first found success when one of her eye-catching creations adorned the label of Haverhill Brewery's Leatherlips India pale ale. Featuring a leather-clad redhead who looked an awful lot like Jessica, the label was dubbed by many as the most striking feature of the beverage—and the illustrator's fan base has multiplied ever since. One look and you can see why Jessica's popularity is picking up steam.

"I love beauty in all things," Jessica explains. "And I've always been a sexual person, even when I was a kid. I think it's wonderful to be a woman and celebrate my femininity through my artwork."

Figuring prominently in Jessica's vision of femininity is a cavalcade of strong, enticing and scantily dressed babes drawn from real-life models. "All of the women that I paint, including myself," Jessica reveals, "are women who truly exist in the world, women whose distinct personalities I already know or can easily see in their photos. The mere fact that they are real and attainable makes their image more seductive and personal."

Jessica, who works primarily with digital painting in Adobe Photoshop, decided to focus her artistry on pinups after stumbling upon an Olivia De Berardinis calendar. She began familiarizing herself with the voluminous work of De Berardinis—a renowned artist whose pinups have appeared in various men's magazines, including HUSTLER—along with the collection of famed pinup master Gil Elvgren.

"I enjoy the same sense of playful sensuality as [Elvgren]," Jessica declares. "I've always loved Olivia's work because of her technical precision, as well as great eye for color and poses. I try to take the same flair for fun sexuality and put it in my work, as well as the use of brilliant, yummy colors."

Jessica also credits illustrator Greg Horn—best known for his Marvel Comics covers—as another muse. "I love his women and his excellent digital renderings of them," she notes.

Before teasing eyes with her stroke-worthy pinups, Jessica captivated ears with her stellar voice. While attending the University of Washington, the multitalented coed studied opera and sang competitively. But art was destined to be her true calling.

"I've always been very expressive," admits the 36-year-old mother of two, who now resides in Seattle. "And I've always had an interest in dramatic female figures. I didn't really know of a way to turn that into a job, but pinups were the missing link. I love nothing better than a good eyebrow raise when looking at an artwork, and I strive to achieve the same result."

Mission accomplished, Jessica.

If you want to see more of Jessica Dougherty's art (or purchase prints for your personal collection), check out **JessiscasPinups.com**. You can even commission Jessica to magically transform your frumpy-looking girlfriend into a goddess.

# BORN TO POSE

SPENCER SCOTT

**Spencer Scott** began modeling nude at the tender age of 18, but the bodacious babe had been plotting to undress in front of the camera well before that. “As a teenager in Georgia, I’d been pretty focused on becoming a model,” she explains. “I was ready.”

**Spencer**, who grew up in a small town near Atlanta, had a true aha moment when the big day finally arrived. “I was a cheerleader in high school, and I’d done some bikini modeling,” she recalls, “so I was used to people checking me out. But the first time I got naked, that first photo-session, it was so much fun! From that moment on, I felt like this was my calling.”

Discarding her clothing for a photographer is an enjoyable experience for **Spencer**, but she doesn’t envision doing it forever. “I really admire women like Pamela Anderson and Jenny McCarthy,” **Spencer** elaborates. “I’d love to have a career like they’ve had, where I can go on to do different things—acting projects and stuff like that.”

**SPENCER SCOTT'S VITAL FACTS:** HOMETOWN: Atlanta, Georgia | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Aries | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 100

Although **Spencer** still has a special place in her heart for Dixie, she isn't yearning to return just yet. "I love living in Los Angeles," the up-for-fun looker raves. "I totally love the vibe of this city, how you can go out to crazy clubs and parties, getting completely wild if you want. Or, if you're in a more relaxed mood, you can chill out at the beach all day or take a cool hike somewhere."

Whatever **Spencer** has planned, we doubt she'll have trouble finding a willing companion.

# HUSTLER
# PERSONALS

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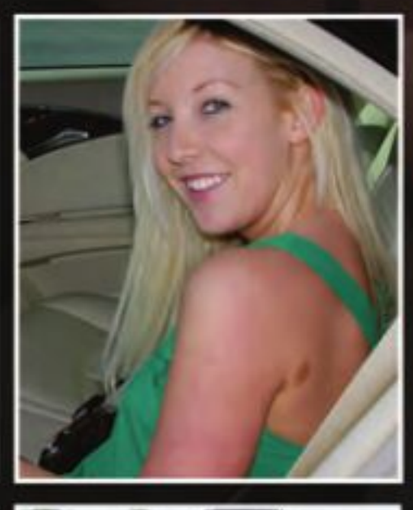
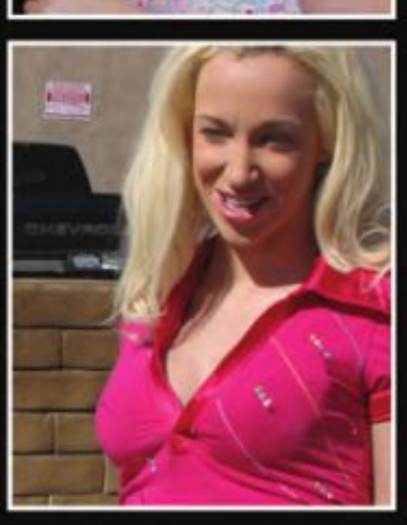
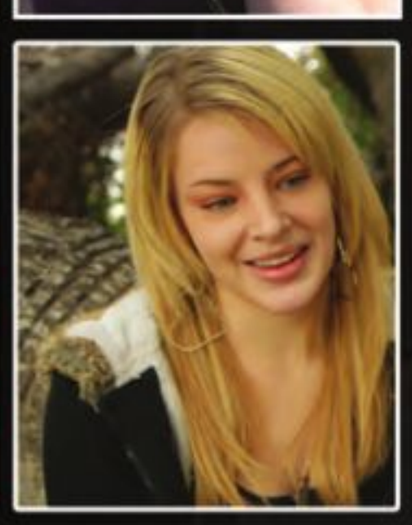

**COME INSIDE**
Its time to make things Personal.

*Elle*
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**While** flying back to Washington on a government agency's business jet, President Obama looked at the First Lady and remarked, "You know, Michelle, I could throw a $1,000 bill out of a window right now and make somebody very happy."

Michelle shrugged her shoulders and cooed, "I could throw ten $100 bills out of a window, Barack, and make ten people very happy."

Overhearing the Obamas' banter, the pilot muttered to the copilot, "Such big shots back there. I could throw both of them out of this plane and make 312 million people very happy!"

---

A nympho asked her doctor, "What's the best time for sex during the day?"

He replied, "Between noon and 1 p.m."

"Only one hour?" the astonished slut sighed. "Why's that the best time?"

"Because that's when my nurse goes to lunch," the doctor replied.

---

**After** pulling over an extremely erratic driver one night, a police officer administered a Breathalyzer test. A few minutes later he told the motorist, "I'm sorry, sir, but this bag tells me that you've been drinking too much."

"What a fucking coincidence!" the woozy sot exclaimed. "I've got a bag at home that says the exact same thing!"

---

**Joe's** sister was incredibly flat-chested. Being quite the asshole, he asked her one day, "Would you wear gloves if you had no hands?"

"Of course not," the girl gasped.

"So why do you wear a bra, Sis?"

---

**Dimwitted** Louie was making a quick run to the hardware store when he spotted a sign that read, "Don't even think about parking here!" So without thinking about it, Louie parked there.

**Question: What did one lesbian say to the other lesbian?**

**Answer: "Your face or mine?"**

**Jim** woke up in the middle of the night and was amazed to find that his dick was as hard as a rock for the first time in years. The retired businessman shook his wife frantically until she woke up. "Check this out, honey!" Jim howled when she opened her eyes. Pointing to his enormous boner, he then asked, "Whaddaya think we should do with it?"

Still half-asleep, Jim's old lady grunted, "Well, now that you got all the wrinkles out, maybe it would be a good time to wash the damn thing!"

**Two** priests were using the urinals in a Vatican bathroom. One looked at the other pisser's pecker and noticed a nicotine patch on it. "I believe you're supposed to put that thing on your arm or shoulder, not your penis," he said.

The priest with the patch on his prick fired back, "It's working just fine. I'm down to two butts a day."

**Question: Why do women fake orgasms?**

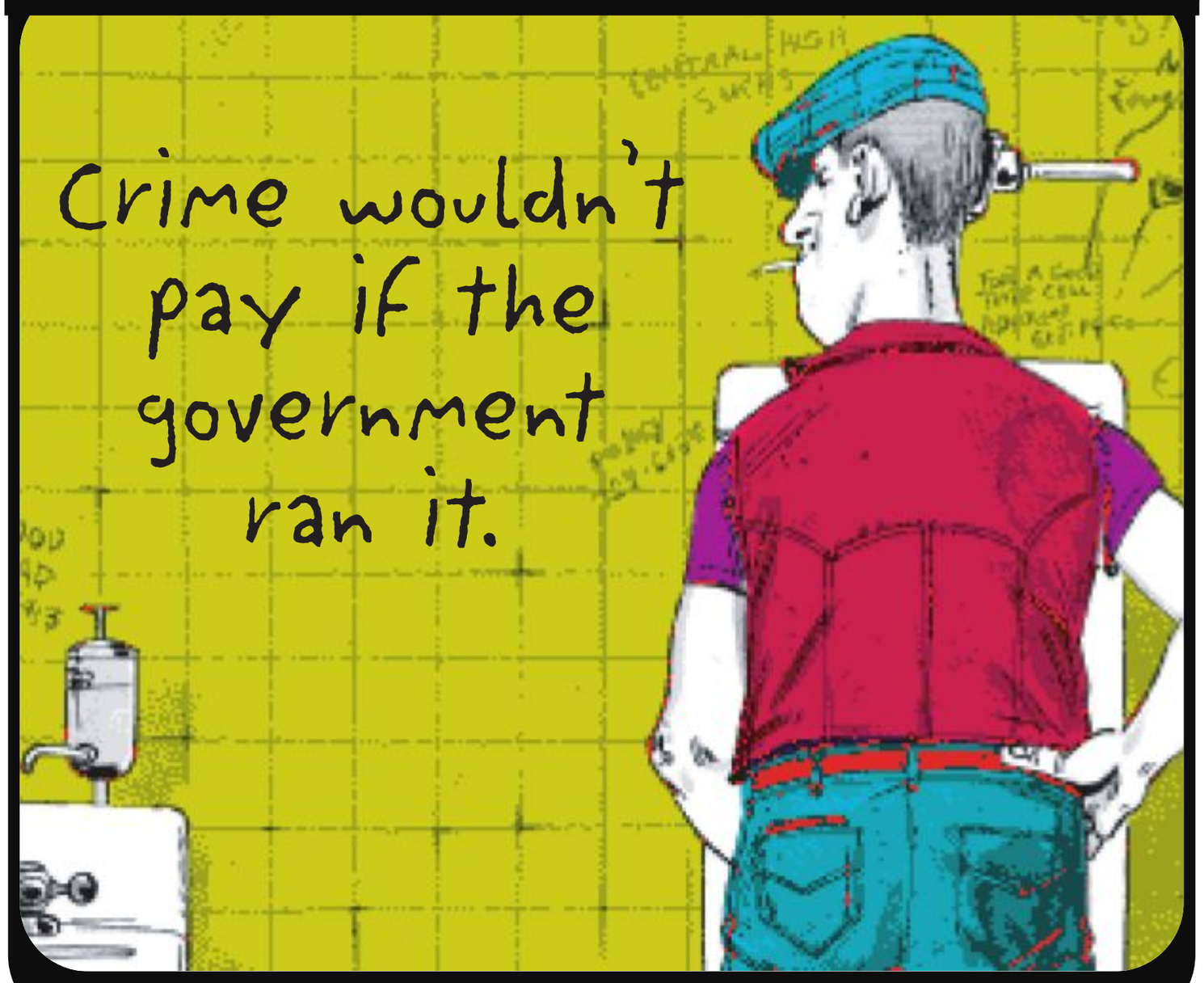
**Answer: Because they think men care.**

**Right** after supper one evening a blond teenager told her mother that she wanted to talk about the facts of life. "Is it true that babies come out of the same opening where boys put their penises?" the daughter inquired.

A bit startled, the mother answered, "Yes, dear, that's absolutely true."

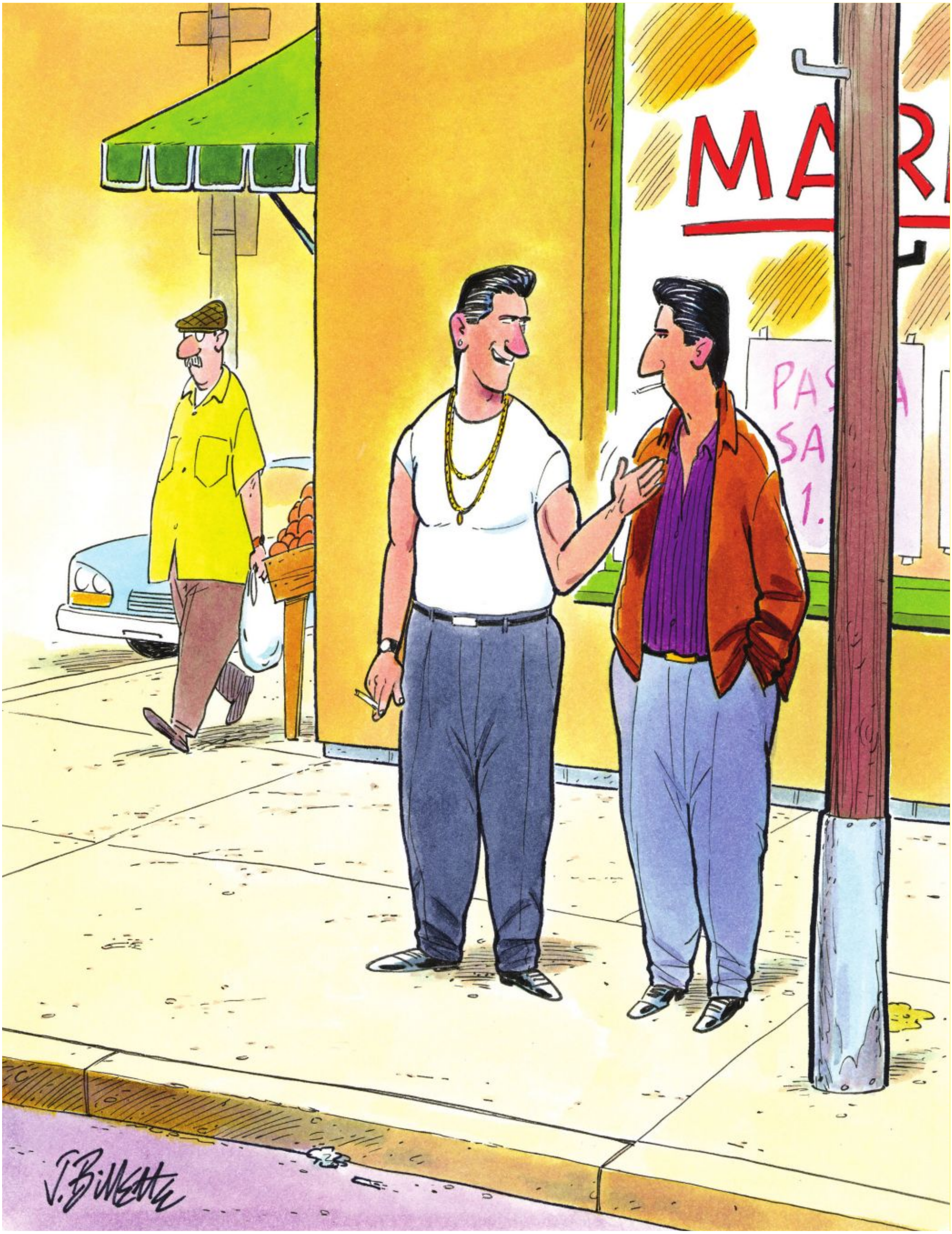
Worried now, the curious bimbo asked, "When I give birth, will I choke on the baby?"

## GRAFFILTHY




***Thanks and $50 go to Tom R.***

*HUSTLER Humor* jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

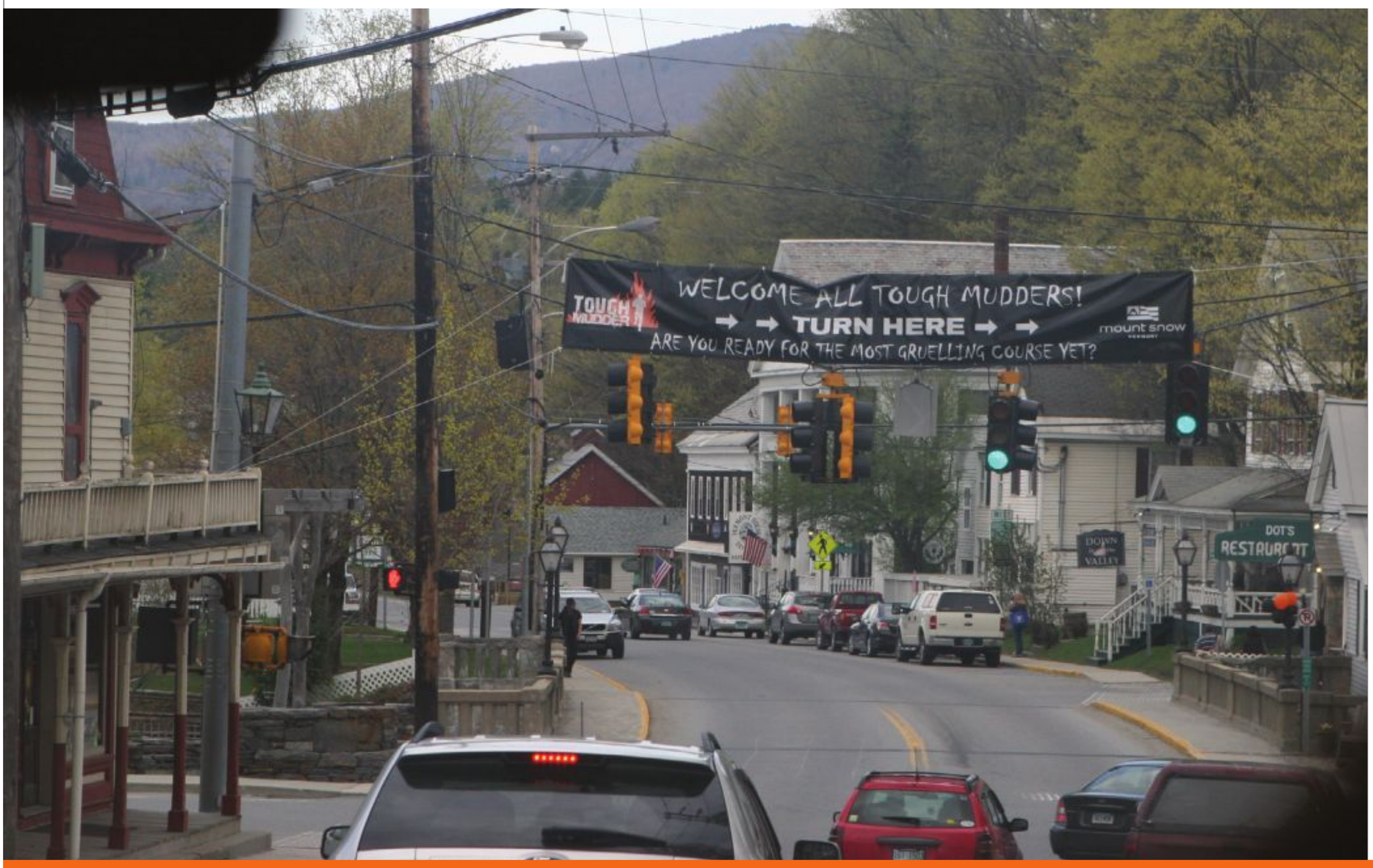



"I've only been with my new girlfriend a week, and she tells me she's already four months pregnant! Tell me my sperm ain't fuckin' powerful!"

BY SCOTT FAYNER

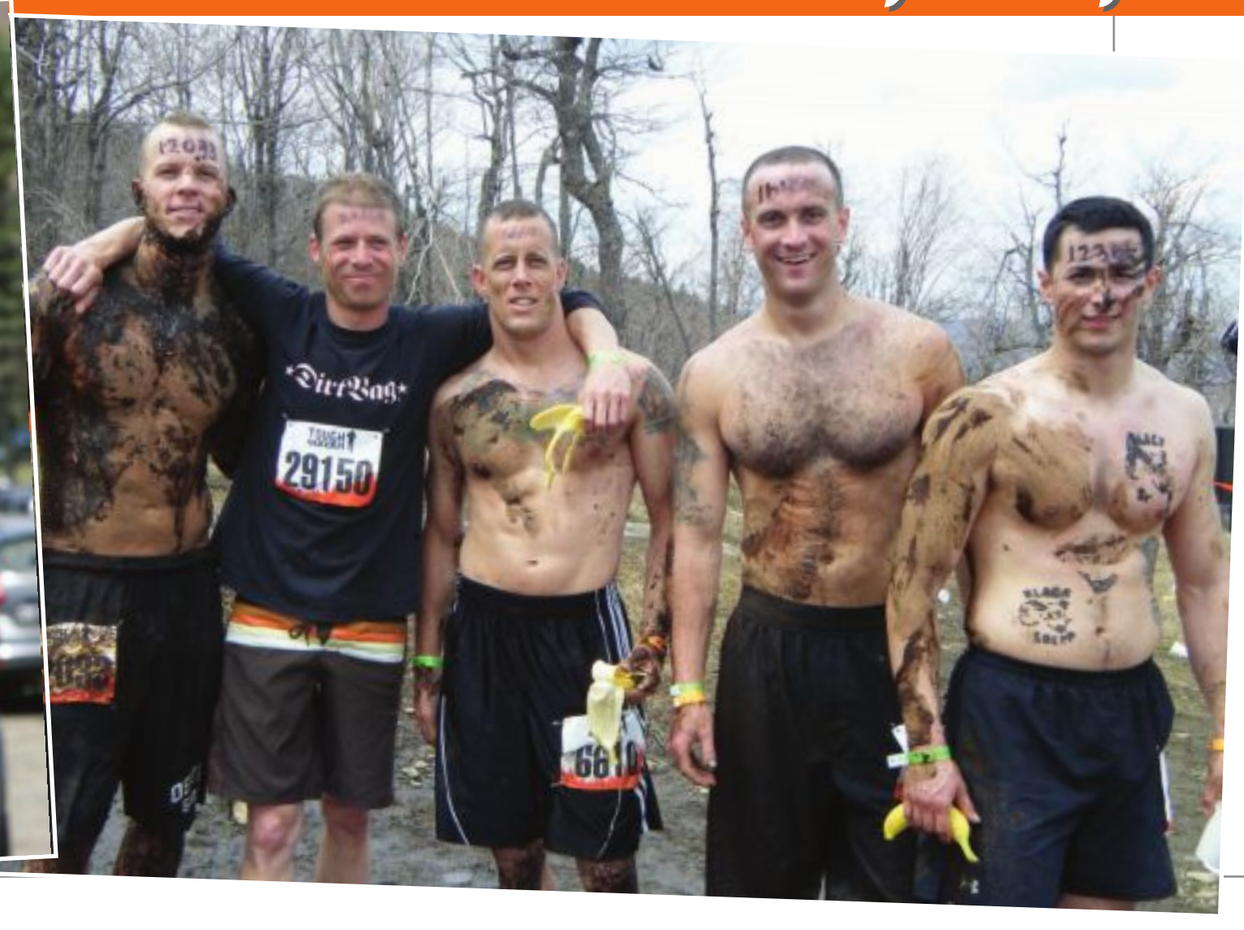
# TOUGH MU

# A BALLBUSTING COMP




PHOTOS BY TONY TESTA

## *APPARENTLY HELL IS FILLED WITH MUCK, ICE,*



# TOUGH MUDDER

**I'VE TOSSED MYSELF INTO SOME PRETTY DUMB SITUATIONS OVER THESE PAST TEN YEARS,** all for the readers of HUSTLER Magazine. I once shoved a Q-Tip down my peehole to see if that black porn chick in Vegas had given me the clap. Then I permanently injured my wrist attempting to learn about female ejaculation. I even brought a porn star home to meet my Jewish mom. But nothing I've endured compares to Tough Mudder.

Since its May 2010 debut at the Bear Creek ski resort near Allentown, Pennsylvania, Tough Mudder competitions have been held in California, New Jersey, Texas, Georgia and elsewhere. Now Tough Mudder New England has come to my neck of the woods: Mount Snow, Vermont. According to organizers, Tough Mudder is "probably the toughest one-day event on the planet." It's certainly the toughest thing I've ever done.

Although the fine folks at Tough Mudder have suggested workouts intended to prepare entrants for the competition, I choose to do my own thing. I continue smoking both cigarettes and marijuana, and I only do sporadic reps of sit-ups and push-ups during breaks in my cartoon-viewing. I even disobey the "no sex before a race" myth by having my designated "nurse" service me orally hours prior to the event. But since I ate a bunch of pasta and gobbled down bananas with V8 chasers the night before, I'm feeling ready. The pure ephedrine pills haven't hurt either.

Before hitting the course, I meet with Tough Mudder founder Will Dean. Tall and British, he looks nothing like the total badass I'd expected. Explaining the creation of Tough Mudder, he tells me: "I found myself at Harvard Business School two years ago thinking, *What the hell have I done here? I don't want to be a business consultant or investment banker.* I was trying to come up with a business idea and got to thinking about how incredibly boring triathlons and marathons are."

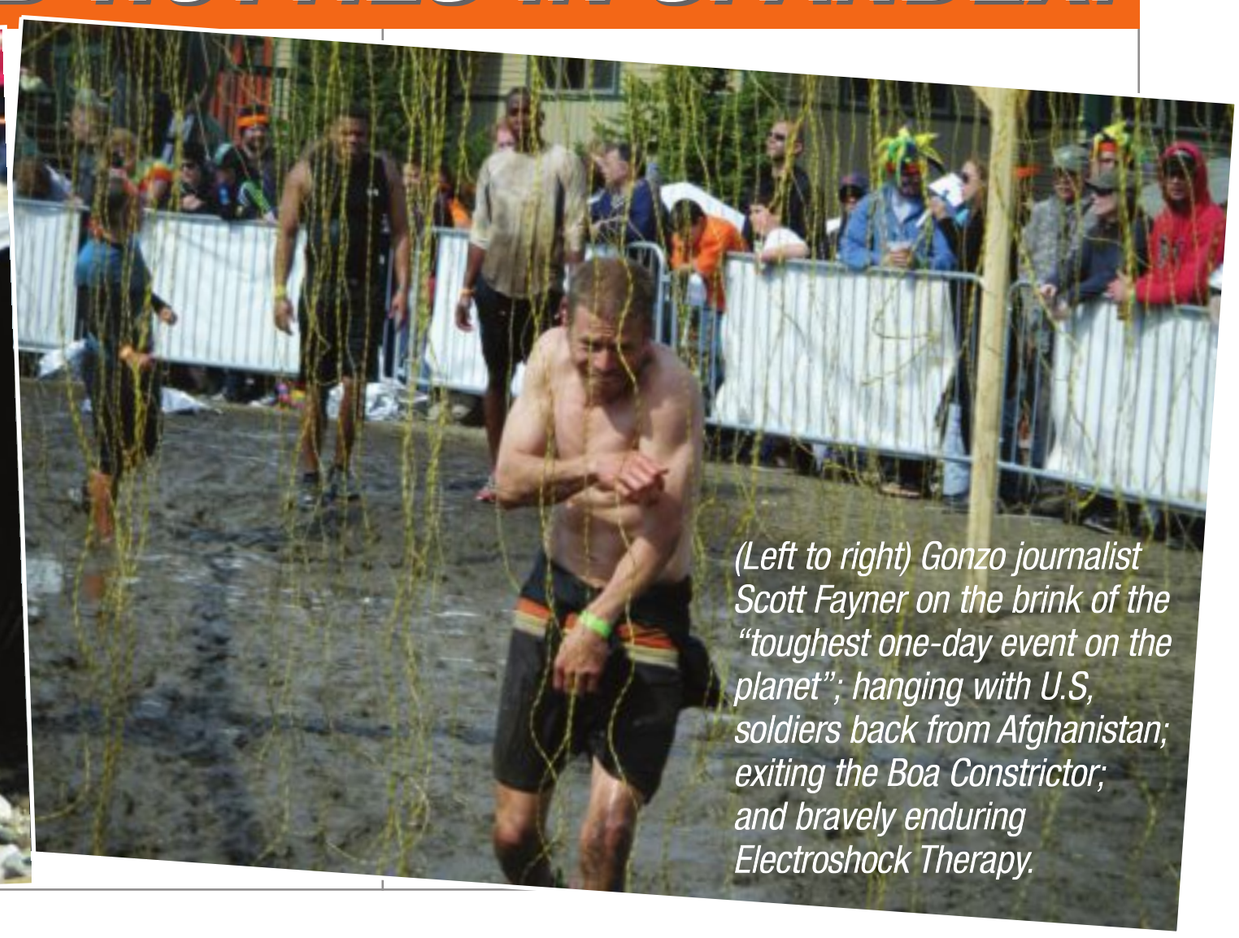
Will continues, "You get a sense of achievement doing them, but they're just so damn boring. I thought there has to be more to exercise than that. With Tough Mudder we've taken all the elements of [British] Special Forces training and given you a little taste of it. Each challenge tests something different, and we make sure to get you out of your comfort zone quickly."

"Like the fear of being electrocuted?" I ask.

"Exactly," Will responds.

Like most of my fellow competitors, I want to know about the Electroshock Therapy chal-

## BITING-COLD WATER AND HOTTIES IN SPANDEX.



*(Left to right) Gonzo journalist Scott Fayner on the brink of the "toughest one-day event on the planet"; hanging with U.S, soldiers back from Afghanistan; exiting the Boa Constrictor; and bravely enduring Electroshock Therapy.*

lenge. “How much is it gonna hurt?” I ask.

Looking me up and down, Will replies, “You are quite skinny. People with the least amount of body fat tend to get shocked much worse. Each one of those wires carries 10,000 volts of electricity.”

I’m scared, but then he adds, “As long as you don’t wear a pacemaker, you’ll be fine.”

I ask if a 15-year cocaine habit could pose a threat. “That might not be the way to train for Tough Mudder,” he responds. I laugh. He doesn’t.

Tough Mudder New England’s first challenge—dubbed the Death March—is certainly geared to quickly knock the competitor out of his comfort zone. Clenching my teeth, I begin jogging up a nearly two-mile stretch of mud, rocks and freezing-cold puddles. Halfway up this steep, soggy ascent a mob of shirtless guys thrusts their teammate into a huge mud puddle, then pile on top of him. Caked in muck, they laugh like little girls. The one at the bottom of the pile has two bloodied knees, but he doesn’t give a shit.

Competitors keep announcing that they can see the top of the mountain, but they’re always wrong. Behind each ridge is yet another, higher one. It’s really annoying, and my calves are humming. But there’s no stopping—unless I succumb to injury or just plumb conk out. I decide that as long as the overweight guy in a pink tutu keeps moving forward, so will I.

What seems like an eternity later I’ve reached the peak. We’re given water and bananas so we won’t die. As I gulp down my drink, I slide up to “Wounded Knees” so I can tell him, “You guys are fucking nuts. Some of us are just trying to survive, and you guys are playing in the mud.”

“We just got back from running through the mountains of Afghanistan three weeks ago,” he boasts. “This is a piece of cake.”

“You’re soldiers,” I acknowledge. “Now it all makes sense.”

I tell Wounded Knees and his buddies I’m from HUSTLER, then ask if they want to be photographed for my story. “Fuck yeah, we do!” one exclaims. Another shouts, “I’m gonna keep that shit on my wall forever!” From this moment on, we are friends. This is good; I need some friends right now.

We begin the run back down the slope. Obstacles include more mud, lots of snow and an occasional spray of bitter-cold water from a snowmaking machine. If you manage not to snap a leg in half, you’re met at the base of the mountain by what’s called the Boa Constrictor. I crawl into a tiny tunnel that descends into icy water covering jagged stones. Blood soon trickles from my knees, but I manage to reach the ascending tunnel. Exiting, I’m cheered by the crowd, but there’s no time for high-fives. I know what lies ahead.

Transversing a lake, the Ball Shrinker consists of ropes that hang just low enough to guarantee your nut sac will dip into the piercingly cold water. My longtime friend and photographer, Testa, goes first, and I blindly follow. We move fast and with purpose, my balls shrinking each step of the way. Once back on land, I’m met with a vicious slap of wind.

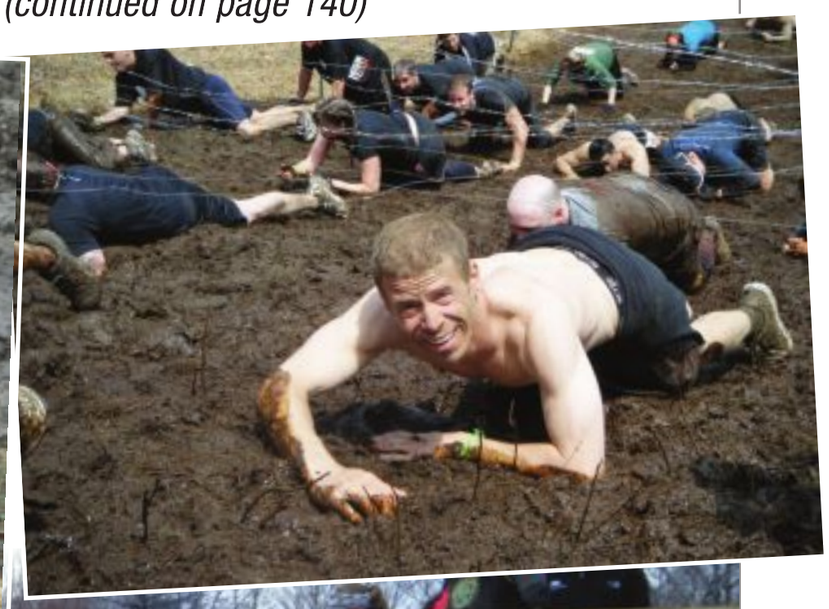
Behind me a woman exiting the Ball Shrinker howls, “My vagina is completely numb!” We laugh, but Testa says we gotta keep moving or we’ll die from hypothermia. Fixating on a chick’s perfect, spandex-covered ass, I prepare to tackle another mile of sludge.

Over the river and through the woods I go, up and down the mountainside. I wiggle under some barbed wire and dart up an eight-foot ramp. The Mystery Obstacle is next, and I’ve heard there’s frigid maple syrup to swim through, followed by a dousing in wood chips. It fails to live up to the hype.

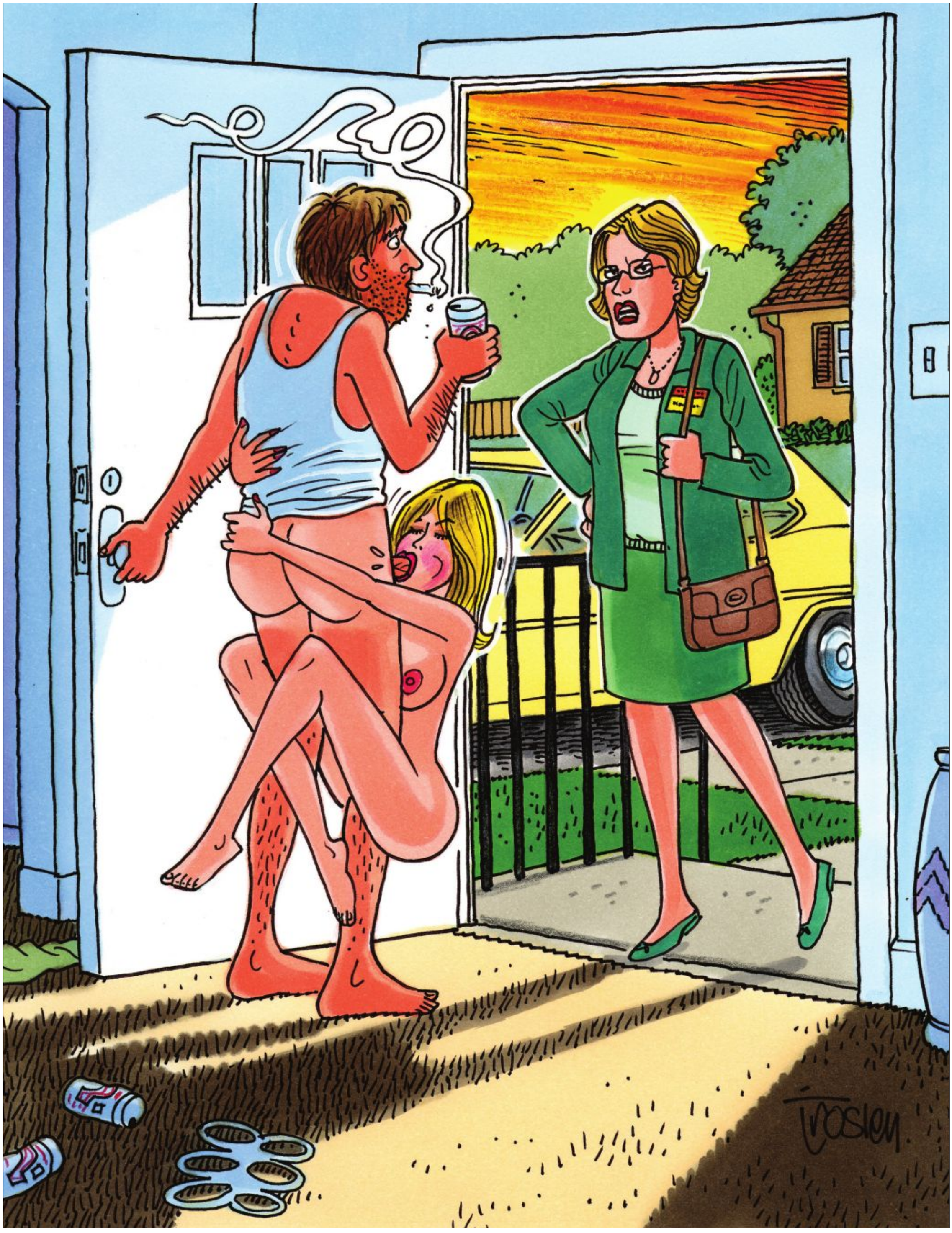
Meanwhile, I’m still freezing, and my right foot aches. During another vertical climb I hit what long-distance runners call “the wall.” I can’t go on. Testa gives me a quick pep talk. “You can’t give up now!” he screams. “You don’t have your story yet!”

My friend is right. I need the story. But when we finally reach Walk the Plank, I am again immobilized. I watch as Tough Mudders jump from a dock into a lake 15 feet below. Some go into shock thanks to the ice-cold water and are pulled to safety. Others panic, turning around before jumping off. But most of the competitors, including Testa, leap off the dock and zip to shore in a quaking frenzy. I decide to pass on Walk the Plank—it’s a smart decision, I’m certain—and we hobble on to the next obstacle.

*(continued on page 140)*



*(Clockwise from top left) Fayner realizes at Mile 3 why one challenge is dubbed “the Death March”; kisses the mud; plunges 15 feet into ice-cold water?; and—yes!—reaches the finish line.*



"You thought I left you?! Don't give me that, Bill. I go to work *every morning*. Then I come home *every evening*!"

# CONSERVATIVES VS. LIBERALS

# BORN TO DISAGREE

ILLUSTRATION BY KEVIN GENTRY

## Are Republicans Suffering From a Congenital Brain Disorder? Science Seems to Say Yes.

My brother Jim is a conservative Republican; I'm a liberal Democrat. Whenever we discuss political issues, I feel like I'm talking to a stone wall. I want to slug him. I can't get Jim to understand that he's voting to support a system favoring corporations over individuals, the fabulously rich over the middle and working classes. I point out that conservatives, while in favor of allowing him to carry a gun, are obsessed with controlling his sex life.

Jim says I'm an unrealistic, unreliable, immature, tree-hugging liberal with no respect for traditional values. The conversation is, of course, hopeless because, as it turns out, political preferences may have little or nothing to do with rational considerations. Conservative or liberal, we may have been born that way.

A British study, announced in late 2010, found that conservatives have larger amygdalae, while liberals have a thicker anterior cingulate. Located in each of the brain's two temporal lobes, the amygdala is a cluster of cells that is associated with deeply imbedded fears and prejudices. The anterior cingulated cortex is said to be the residence of thought processes that involve decision making, empathy and emotions.

Conservatives prefer simple answers and steadfastly support maintaining the status quo. What's more, a sophisticated research project conducted at New York University and the University of California, Los Angeles, affirms this characterization. As first disclosed by the scholarly journal *Nature Neuroscience* in 2007, the exhaustive study illustrates the different ways the brains of liberals and conservatives function.

Subjects identified as liberal or conservative were hooked up to an electroencephalograph (EEG), whose sensors would focus on the "executive" part of the brain. That's the area associated with decision making in new situations, overcoming habitual behavior, resisting temptation, error correction and similar situations. Once hooked up, subjects were told either a letter M or W would appear on a screen. When M appeared, subjects were instructed to tap a key; when a W appeared, they were to do nothing. M appeared far more frequently than W, thus allowing subjects to become accustomed to pressing a key. When W made a rare appearance, the ability to appropriately overcome habit and not press a key was recorded.

When it came to quickly recognizing the W and overcoming the impulse to tap the M key, liberals were far more proficient than conservatives. Their brain waves showed more activity, and they made fewer mistakes. Liberals were less influenced by habit and knee-jerk responses than conservatives. Liberals were more able to recognize the infrequent appearance of the letter W and respond to what was actually there and not what they were accustomed to seeing.

The NYU-UCLA study reinforces the sense that conservatives are programmed to resist change and are most comfortable doing things the way they have always been done. Liberals are revealed as being more creative, more open to change and more often correct. In the words of the researchers, "conservatives show more structured and persistent cognitive styles, whereas liberals are more responsive to informational complexity, ambiguity and novelty."

**Conservatives who favor right-wing authoritarian structures fear that the absence of God would result in chaos with unchecked aggression, sexual impulses, addictions and the breakdown of social institutions like family and government.**

Most of our Left/Right stereotypes seem reinforced by this study. Conservatives will resist change. Whether it comes in the form of social programs, or applying new science, they are against it. The obvious question: Is it nature or nurture? Becoming a conservative or liberal might be genetically influenced. A certain gene (a variant of DRD4, also known as the "slut gene" because those with it tend to be more sexually adventurous) is found in people who seek out "novelty." Such behavior could include an attraction to people whose ideas, values, backgrounds and lifestyles are different. That's a trait generally associated with liberals. It is surely easier for those with the aforementioned gene to be liberals than to be conservatives.

In a Northwestern University study a group of active churchgoers divided between self-identified liberals and conservatives was asked the question "What if there is no God?"

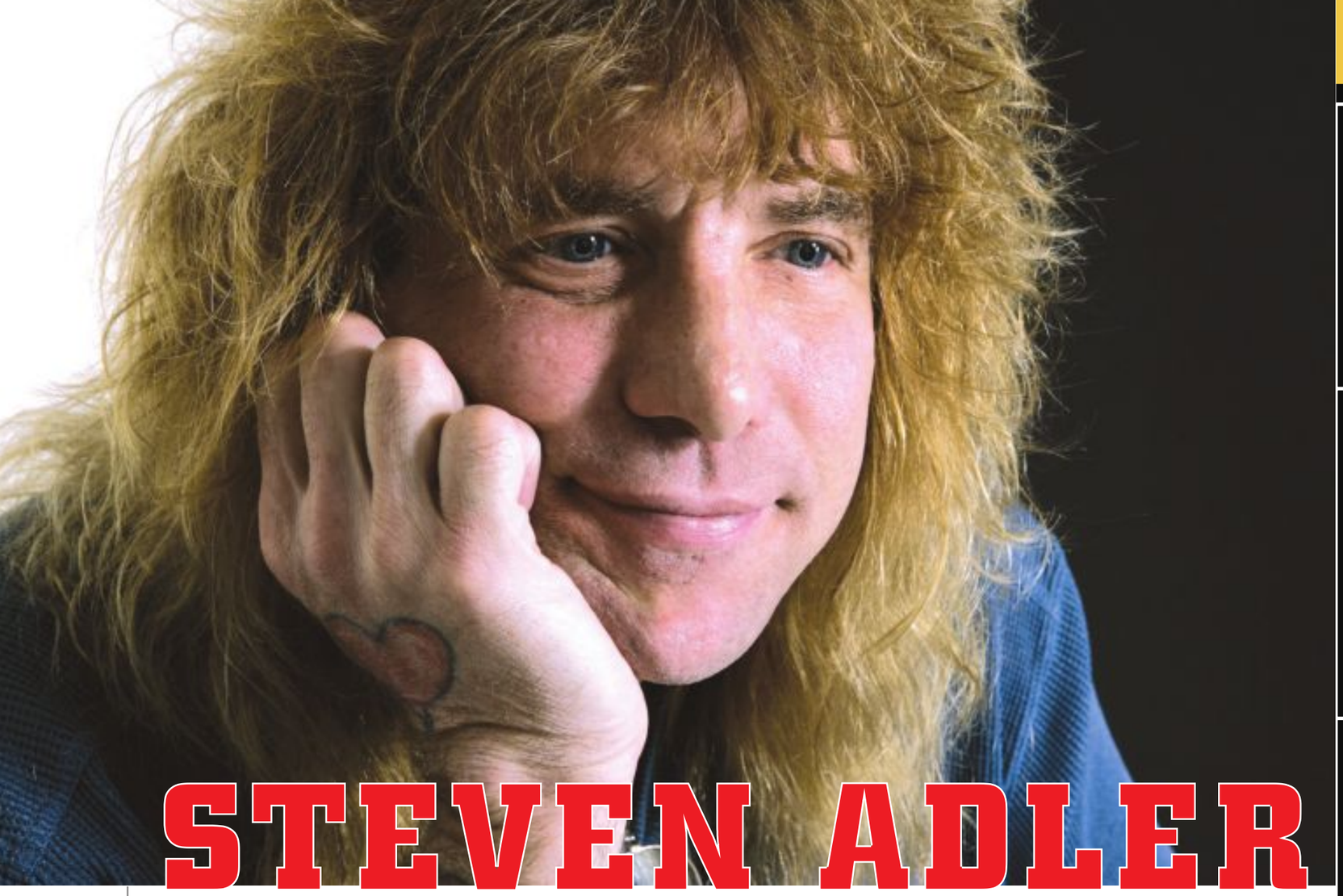
According to the study, conservatives who favor right-wing authoritarian structures fear that the absence of God would result in chaos with unchecked aggression, sexual impulses, addictions and the breakdown of social institutions like family and government. Churchgoing liberals did not mention fear of social chaos but instead believed that, without God, life would be rendered empty and meaningless. Essentially liberals revealed their existentialist tendencies while conservatives revealed their deepest anxieties about loss of social control.

Magnetic resonance imaging (MRI)—a vital tool in diagnosing Alzheimer's, autism and other disorders—can also measure blood flow to specific regions of the brain and thus monitor neural activity. In an experiment conducted at UCLA during the 2004 Presidential campaign, Republicans and Democrats volunteered to undergo MRI scans while wearing image-receiving goggles. Predictably when photos of George W. Bush, John Kerry and Ralph Nader appeared, each subject responded favorably to the candidate of his choice. However, when shown images from the 9/11 terrorist attacks, Democrats lit up the screen, showing an intense subconscious reaction to violence. Republicans appeared to be less disturbed and more accepting of violence.

So what do we make of these studies? It would seem that everything we thought about conservatives can be verified: They prefer more control, are more reluctant to change and are more comfortable with violence; they may also in some ways be more predictable and perhaps more reliable.

Liberals, on the other hand, are more creative, more receptive to change, more impacted by violence and fall more easily into the loose-cannon category. Can either convince the other to change? Not easily, if we believe the studies. What we have is a fundamental duality in human makeup. It's familiar to us all: the biblical story of Cain and Abel and our nation's control-freak founding Puritans calling libertines witches and condemning them to death.

Harry Walsh writes about technology and an assortment of topics, usually offbeat. The onetime oceangoing tugboat captain, who has taught English at two universities and a college, lives in the woods of Marshalls Creek, Pennsylvania, with a gorgeous wife and three big dogs.



# STEVEN ADLER

## APPETITE FOR SELF-REFLECTION

We have to be honest. Hearing that former Guns N' Roses drummer Steven Adler was coming in to do an interview, we expected the worst. After all, he'd been a drug addict for years. Adler was the only guy too fucked up to be in a heavy metal band full of fuckups. Miraculously, he's survived 28 overdoses, several suicide attempts and a stroke. His later years have been spent as a repeat guest on *Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew*. Yes, we expected the worst. Thankfully, those fears melted away the minute a bright-eyed, cheerful, sober and hug-hungry Adler showed up. We talked about GNR's heyday, ass-grabbing, living off strippers and his riveting autobiography, *My Appetite for Destruction*.

**HUSTLER: How the hell are you still alive?**

STEVEN ADLER: Because God just wasn't ready to take me. He has some plan for me. My grandmother, who raised me, didn't work on my becoming a superstar for nothing. There is something more for me to do.

**Why did you decide to write a book?**

I wanted people to know my story, my part of the Guns N' Roses legacy. I needed to show all the warts, scars and tattoos of my life in rock 'n' roll. After working with [*Celebrity Rehab*'s] Dr. Drew in 2008, I really got a sense of what I needed to do to get my life on track and move forward. That allowed me to get things out in the book that I couldn't before.

**What is your most painful memory?**

The sexual abuse that happened to me. Twenty years ago I couldn't talk about something like that. I thought if I did say something, it would make me feel even worse. Turned out to be the opposite. I said it out loud to people who understood and related. I was then able to apologize to everyone, including Slash, Duff [McKagan], Izzy [Stradlin] and Axl [Rose]. Twenty years of blaming them for all the negative and bad things I did to myself. Once I was able to man up and take responsibility, I was able to stop doing the drugs.

**Then why were you just back on *Celebrity Rehab*?**

I have been off the hard stuff for a while but was on the "marijuana maintenance" program. And I started drinking a little, which I don't want to minimize. I feel like the first time I worked with Dr. Drew and Bob Forrest in 2008, I made a 170-degree turn. Now going back and working with them again, I finally made the whole 180-degree turn.

**You tried detox and rehab dozens of times before, and it didn't stick. Why has Dr. Drew been successful?**

I did rehab like 22 times before, but I only stayed maybe a few hours just to shut everybody up. Something with Dr. Drew is that he actually cared. He helped me get those deep hurtful memories out, and there's that whole thing about seeing myself on TV. I'm telling you right now if you have somebody in your life that is a drug addict or an alcoholic, you need to videotape them. Show it to them the next day. When I saw how I acted on *Sober House* [*With Dr. Drew*], I was an asshole to Jen, his assistant. When you do drugs and drink, you always feel like you're the coolest and funniest guy in the room. But you're not!

**How is your sobriety going now?**

It's going great. I got all those demons out by writing the book. It was like a 12-step program. I made all my amends, apologized and took full responsibility for everything in my life. Then once it was done, I read the book, built a big fire in my fireplace, and then I threw my book in there. Because that was my past. I want that to be over so I can look toward the future.

**As GNR's first drummer, what are your favorite moments from the band's early days?**

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

# THE DIRTY

## 12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

**Christina Perri**
***lovestrong.***

This tattooed, piano-playing goddess looks like Kat Von D and sings like a young, sex-charged Tori Amos. Perri's debut album is full of lovely and unforgettable pop tracks. Highlights include "Jar of Hearts" and "Arms."

**Fool's Gold**
***Fool's Gold***

If the Talking Heads and Phoenix had a love child, it would sound like Fool's Gold. This funky, multicultural collective's album (which is mostly sung in English and Hebrew) is a soulful blend of retro synths, kickass drumming and jagged guitar covered in rock abandon. So, so good.

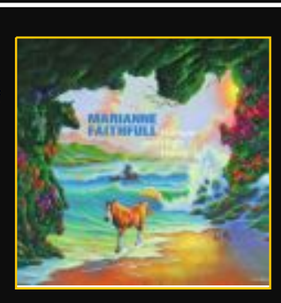
**Joan as Police Woman**
***The Deep Field***

We'll admit it. Joan as Police Woman often sings with an intensity that scares us. Wrapped in a Motown groove complete with Funk Brothers beats and horns, her ferociousness is fully displayed on *The Deep Field*. This CD is as powerful as it is funky.

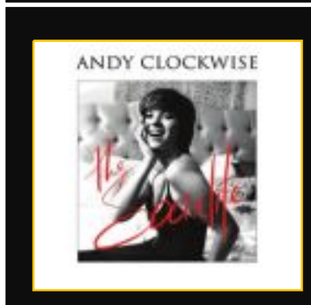
**Various Artists**
***Rave On: Buddy Holly***

Everybody loves Buddy Holly. Don't believe us? Check out the impressive list of artists who cover the rock 'n' roll pioneer's songs (including "Peggy Sue," "That'll Be the Day" and "Oh Boy!") on this A+ tribute disc: Paul McCartney, Lou Reed, Kid Rock, the Black Keys, Cee Lo Green, Patti Smith, Modest Mouse, My Morning Jacket, Florence and the Machine, John Doe, Graham Nash and more. Seriously, Buddy Holly was the man.

**Marianne Faithfull**
***Horses and High Heels***



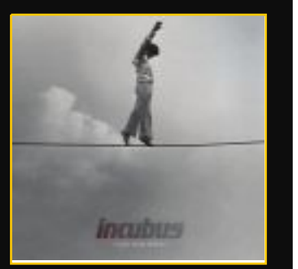

Who would have thought that the one-time waif girlfriend of Mick Jagger would remain one of music's greatest interpreters of songs decades later? On this, her 23rd (yes, 23rd!) album, Faithfull's well-weathered voice rips through cover versions of a half-dozen '60s classics and seven new songs. She even co-wrote four of those, including the title track.



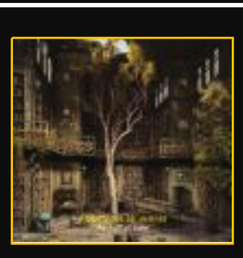

**Andy Clockwise**
***The Socialite***

You can't judge a book (or CD) by its cover. On the surface, this Andy Clockwise album appears to be a retro-lounge experience. It's not. The Aussie delivers a hip mix of pop and rock replete with memorable choruses. "Open Relationship" and "The Girl in the Painting"—to name just two—will have you singing along on the first listen.

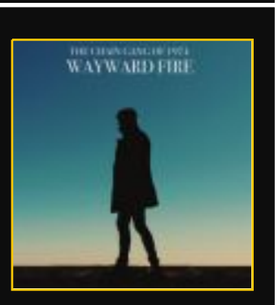
# DOZEN




**Incubus**
***If Not Now, When?***
Incubus has done it all. With over 13 million CDs sold and fans worldwide, the band could have easily phoned in a formula album resting on their past accomplishments. Instead, Incubus have delivered a poignant and urgent CD full of revitalized energy that will both please the faithful and convert the nonbelievers.



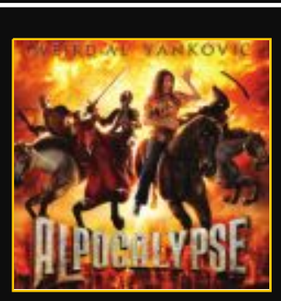
**Fountains of Wayne**
***Sky Full of Holes***
It's been a long four years since the cinematic-storytelling princes of pop put out a new CD. Thankfully, their witty, sarcastic style remains intact on this more country-sounding record. Echoing throughout is twang along the lines of something Nick Lowe did. *Sky Full of Holes* reminds us that Chris Collingwood and Adam Schlesinger are a modern-day Lennon and McCartney.




**The Chain Gang of 1974**
***Wayward Fire***
Every music writer (or fan, for that matter) dreams of discovering the next big thing. The Chain Gang of 1974 may be our greatest find. Led by musical genius Kamtin Mohager, the group creates a blend of catchy and cool, artsy (with pretensions) rock. Just plain brilliant! Check out their debut CD and remember who told you about The Chain Gang of 1974 first.

**Ziggy Marley**
***Wild and Free***
Produced by Don Was, Ziggy Marley's fourth solo disc is a celebration of life and heritage full of joyous, well-written story songs. It is Marley's best since his debut with the Melody Makers, *Conscious Party*. Somewhere Papa Bob is smiling. And smoking. Then smiling again.

**The Von Ehrics**
***Two Foot Stomp***
Like the Supersuckers before them, the Von Ehrics know how to blend high-octane rock 'n' roll with cow-punk country. *Two Foot Stomp* is the perfect soundtrack to a night of drinking longneck Budweisers in the skankiest honky-tonk you can find. Yee-haw, motherfucker!




**"Weird Al" Yankovic**
***Alpocalypse***
Nobody rocks a song parody with the hilarious precision of Weird Al. His latest turns Taylor Swift's "You Belong With Me" into an ode to tabloid TV (TMZ) and B.O.B.'s smash "Nothing on You" into a love song to body art called "Another Tattoo." Best line? "There's…a zombie ice-skating. Wait. That's Ronald Reagan."

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Those were the best times! Before everybody got money. We lived off the strippers. Strippers loved us. It was the end of when the Sunset Strip was fucking cool. It was packed every night—not just on the weekends. Until we were really, really big, we were less of a band and more of a gang. But instead of going out and fighting other gangs, we did rock 'n' roll shows. Occasionally there was a fistfight here and there. But when you're a teenager, you don't mind getting punched in the face. I'm 46 now—I mind. (*Laughs.*)

**Were you angry that Axl had sex with your girlfriend and put the sounds of their screwing in the song "Rocket Queen"?**

She wasn't my girlfriend! She was a girl that I was fucking! She was a stripper. She gave me money and bought me things. I got to fuck her pussy. That's all! And Axl had sex with her and put it on the record. I thought it was cool as fuck. It sounds great! It was all about the band! I wasn't about to get married or settle down. I was fucking different girls every night.

**What was the toughest part about being kicked out of Guns N' Roses in 1990?**

The thing that hurt the most was that me and Slash go back to when we were 11 years old, and he didn't stick up for me. Our dream then was that band. Our goal in life was to make a huge, classic album that everyone would love like *The Dark Side of the Moon*—a [Pink Floyd] record that endured for decades. We wanted to travel around the world, make out with every girl we possibly could and do every drug we could. And our dream came true. Right when we were getting to be as big as we could possibly be, I got kicked in the head. I was told, "Well, the dream is over for you." I didn't know why, because I was doing drugs *with* them. But I don't blame Slash. Once I apologized to him, it's been smooth sailing.

**What is your relationship like with your former GNR bandmates these days?**

I'm in touch with Slash and Duff. We actually have a relationship. Besides Steven Tyler, Izzy is the coolest guy I've ever met in my life. Every interview I send a message to Izzy in hopes he reads it. Izzy, I love you. Please e-mail me! I just did a European tour, and when we played London, Duff came up and played "It's So Easy" and "My Michelle" with us. It was great!

**Izzy also just played with Axl Rose, so he may be the one to put Guns N' Roses back together.**

I heard about that and was very excited. For some reason, though, I've always believed that I was going to be the one to talk to Axl and get him to do it. But I think it's up to Izzy. Axl and Izzy are still tight. They go way back like me and Slash.

**Do you think there will ever be a reunion of the original Guns N' Roses lineup?**

I would love to finish what I started with the [GNR] guys. Do one lousy tour. But I don't think it will happen. I believe it is possible, but Axl won't do the right thing. As much as I wanna do it for myself, I wanna do it for the fans. I'm thankful that we are still the biggest band in the world even though we haven't played together for 20 years. We need to do it for the fans who have stuck with us and loved us.

**Does it bother you that Axl tours as Guns N' Roses with a whole new band?**

He should have called the band W.A.R.—as in W. Axl Rose. I'm sorry. Actually I'm not sorry because he's taken the name of the band and driven it into the fucking ground. I don't like it. The fans don't like it.

**What was the groupie scene like for you?**

They just lined up. We lived the rock star life. The only thing that changed when we got successful was we didn't need the strippers to give us money. But let me tell you, there is nothing like a good stripper. Put a cocktail in a good stripper, and they're good to go.

**What are some of your favorite groupie memories?**

The first time we went to Japan. We got into the hotel and only had time to drop our bags in our rooms before we had to head out immediately. I just dumped my bag on the bed and left. When I came back a couple of hours later, all of my clothes were folded so neatly that I didn't want to touch them. Just perfect. Then I heard this little giggle, "Tee-hee," and there was this beautiful little Asian girl hiding behind the curtain and one in the bathroom. I messed those clothes up again. My favorite one of all was when I was hanging with the god of rock, Steven Tyler, and nine girls. That guy is a director at heart. He could direct porn and win awards.

**What do you think about Tyler being a judge on *American Idol*?**

I think it's great. Among all the people that could be judges, he has the right to be one. He said my favorite line of the 21st century: "If you don't like what I have to say, don't get mad. Get better." I wish I could be as cool as Steven Tyler.

**Rumor is you like to grope girls?**

On tour I have happily squeezed thousands and thousands of pounds of ass. Big ones. Little ones. Fake ones. After my shows I take pictures with everyone—and I grab some ass! I grabbed this one girl's tush after a show, and it was hard. She had a fake tush! She had this plastic thing in her pants that tied on. Her right ass cheek was fake!

**What's next for Steven Adler?**

The setbacks are all over, all in the past. Now is my opportunity to move forward. Maybe ten years from now I'll write another book. Hopefully it will be a happier story. ■

# LOVERBOY

## STILL WORKING FOR THE WEEKEND

PHOTO BY DAVE KAPP

In the 1980s, Loverboy sold millions of records and sold out arenas around the world. Their massive hits "Turn Me Loose," "The Kid Is Hot Tonite" and "Working for the Weekend" became anthems for a generation. Three decades later the lads from Canada are still rocking and rolling along. We caught up with lead singer Mike Reno to discuss Loverboy's history, headbands, storing leather pants and the dangers of sharing groupies at high speeds.

**HUSTLER: Did you ever imagine when Loverboy started that you and the band would still be going strong 30 years later?**

MIKE RENO: Absolutely. What else would I do? This is what I do. When I decided to do music, I figured it would be what I would do for life. I'm not one of those guys who thought I'd play for five years, and then that would be it.

**What would you have done if music hadn't paid off?**

I love thrillers—legal-thriller novels. I don't know if I'm good enough, but I'd love to be a writer. Deep down in my psyche I thought I could either be a mass murderer or a lawyer. Or write about it.

**Most bands from the 1980s that are touring these days feature only one or two original members. How have you managed to keep most of Loverboy's original lineup intact?**

It's not that hard now. There have been points in our existence when one of the guys didn't want to play together. So I decided none of us should play. We would be the original five if we hadn't lost our original bass player, Scott. [*Editor's note: Scott Smith was killed in a boating accident in 2000.*] When we lost Scott, it was a big deal for me. He was my best friend. I had to sit back and really consider if I could do it again. Without him it wasn't the party that I was used to. After his death the other guys gave me a lot of time to figure it out.

**You started a fashion trend in the 1980s by wearing headbands. What was that all about?**

It had nothing to do with fashion. It was a practical deal. Coming up the ranks, we played a lot of places where the lights were less than ten feet away from us. I was so hot, I used to rip the sleeves off my T-shirts. That's how the headbands started. I never really wore bandannas. It was all sleeves from T-shirts just to soak up the sweat and keep it out of my eyes.

**How many headbands do you own?**

Thousands.

**Do you have a special closet for them in your home?**

Actually a special house on the estate just for the headbands.

**Where do you keep your leather pants?**

The pants are in a vault. (*Laughs.*)

**Speaking of leather pants, whose ass is that on the cover of Loverboy's iconic album *Get Lucky*?**

I thought it was yours, and then I heard that you thought it was mine. Turns out it was the photographer's daughter. At least that's the rumor. All I know, I wasn't there when it happened, so I can't say for sure.

**What was the groupie scene like for you when the band hit it big in the early 1980s?**

There is one story I can't talk about. That's when we passed a naked woman from one tour bus to the other tour bus while driving at 70 miles an hour. I can't tell you anything else because she may come back and sue us for endangering her life. She didn't seem to mind at the time. It was so crazy for us then.

We were in the Top Ten, and it was just like Beatlemania. We had to take service elevators, stay under assumed names and have protection [bodyguards]. I remember once ordering room service. Out from under the cart came this tiny little girl. She jumped out and scared the Jesus out of me. All she wanted was a hug. I hugged her, and she ran out of the room crying. A lot of the time we'd check into our rooms, and there would be "I love you" written on the shower curtains in lipstick from somebody who got into our rooms first. It was pretty wild. ■

***"There is one story I can't talk about. That's when we passed a naked woman from one tour bus to the other tour bus while driving at 70 miles an hour. I can't tell you anything else because she may come back and sue us for endangering her life."***

# JANI LANE

## R.I.P. ENCORE

### *The late Warrant frontman speaks about the "Cherry Pie" girl, groupies and HUSTLER.*

**BY ERIC ALTHOFF**

PHOTO BY ERIC ALTHOFF

Jani Lane—born John Kennedy Oswald—died in a Southern California hotel room on August 11, 2011. For years the Warrant singer had battled alcoholism, relapsing several times before his untimely death at age 47. Given that, we've dusted off an unpublished interview with the musician most famous for the rock anthem "Cherry Pie"—and its notorious video featuring Lane's future wife, Bobbie Brown, being hosed down on the hood of a car.

**HUSTLER: Who were some of your heroes and influences?**

JANI LANE: Gosh, it's such a broad range. I grew up listening to a lot of heavy bands, but I always seemed to gravitate to melodic heavy bands like Thin Lizzy. But I also listened to a lot of [David] Bowie and Elton John. I also had three sisters who were into Tower of Power; Parliament; Earth, Wind & Fire; Kool & the Gang, that kind of stuff. So I grew up with kind of an R&B side too, and that influenced me as a drummer more than anything.

I started playing drums at age six. I stopped because I sold my drums when I was in Florida to get out to L.A. I had every intention of buying another kit and being a drummer out here, but they were like, "Hey, you got blond hair and you can sing, so why don't you just be a singer?" I thought, *Oh, well, that saves me about a grand.*

**Tell us about the *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure* soundtrack debacle.**

In a roundabout way that played a big part in us getting signed to Columbia, because we were getting frustrated. We were, far and away, the biggest unsigned band in L.A. for about a two-year period. We were doing multiple nights at the Country Club and some of the bigger venues. We were also being solicited to go down to Irvine to open for bands because we would draw well over a thousand or 2,000 fans. But we couldn't get a record deal; we couldn't figure out what was going on.

Then we hooked up with new management, and they got us involved in the *Bill & Ted* soundtrack. We cut a tune for it called "Game of War." Stevie Salas, who at the time was Rod Stewart's guitarist, was producing. The musical supervisor [for the soundtrack] passed on the band, but Columbia heard the track and said this is really good. They offered us a deal, and the rest is history.

**Whose idea was it to put Bobbie Brown on the hood of the car in the "Cherry Pie" video?**

It was mine because I wanted to date her. I was visiting Mötley Crüe in Phoenix when *Star Search* came on [featuring] 13-time [Spokesmodel] winner Bobbie Brown. I was like, *Holy cow! I gotta meet this girl!* So I called my management and said find out if she lives in L.A., and we'll hook up a meeting and maybe put her in the video. I met Bobbie, who at the time was dating somebody. But we stayed in touch after the shoot and wound up getting married and had a daughter. We got divorced, but we still get along pretty good.

**The "Cherry Pie" video was considered really risqué when it came out in 1990.**

It was risqué because of the innuendo—squirting Bobbie with the fire hose, which to me was what the song was about. It was a kitschy, tongue-in-cheek song full of sexual innuendo. As we all know, sex sells, and it's never gonna stop. It was a fun thing to do and an exciting video to watch.

We got a huge backlash, and I think it had to do with Tipper Gore, PMRC [Parents Music Resource Center], we're "ruining the youth." But actually the stickers she started putting on the records turned out to be a godsend because kids would literally not buy anything that didn't have that sticker.

**What's one of the most "rock star" things you've ever done?**

I was performing in Houston when I look behind me to see Mick Fleetwood playing drums, to my right is Allan Holdsworth, Noel Redding's on bass, and I'm like, *What am I doing up here?* It was crazy! I still have a tough time wrapping my head around it.

**How about groupies?**

I've had all the sexual escapades you can imagine and more. I've met girls at a show in New Hampshire, and two days later I'm playing in New Orleans, and they're knocking on the bus. They said they drove really fast! And I've had girlfriends walk on the bus while I'm in the back with another girl, and I had to climb out the escape hatch. All kinds of crazy stuff. Twins, you name it.

**How do you feel about appearing in HUSTLER?**

HUSTLER is awesome! It's been very influential on my life. There was a time you had to go to a publication like HUSTLER to see naked pretty girls. There's a conservative part of the country that's come down hard on that kind of stuff, but it's done in a tasteful and sometimes really funny manner by you guys, so I like that. ■

# DVD DISTRACTIONS

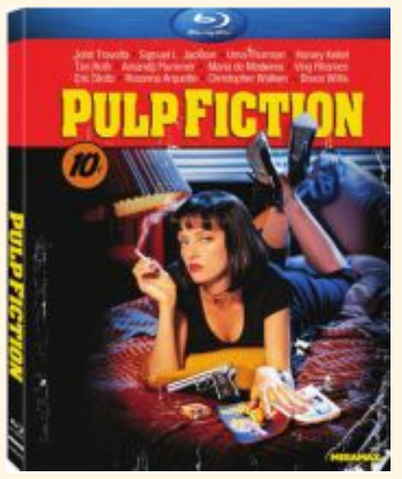
BY TAYLOR DAVID

*Titillating cable fare, a Tarantino masterpiece and a family-in-turmoil flick.*

## *HUNG:* *THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON*

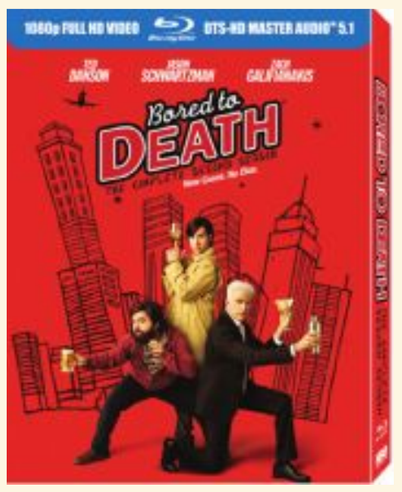
HBO's breakout comedy-drama series chronicles the sexual exploits of middle-aged Ray Drecker, a well-endowed high school baseball coach augmenting his meager income as a male prostitute. (Don't worry, guys; he services only women.) Having brought his "life coach" Lenore Bernard into the mix, Ray and his inexperienced pimp Tanya Skagle continue to deal with the complexities of running an escort business. Heads butt as Lenore threatens Tanya's status, forcing the neurotic incumbent to prove her worth. Besides being sharp and funny, *Hung* offers an abundance of full-frontal female nudity.

## *PULP FICTION* (BLU-RAY)



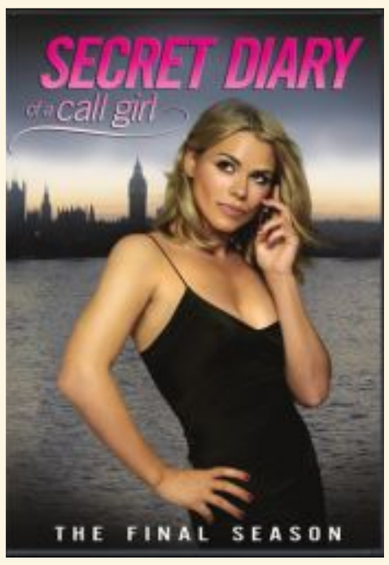

The long-awaited Blu-ray edition of director Quentin Tarantino's most celebrated film is finally available. Four gripping tales of violence and redemption—focusing on the chaotic lives of two low-rent hitmen, a mob boss and an aging boxer—intertwine into one wildly entertaining narrative. Remastered under Tarantino's supervision, this groundbreaking crime saga can now be viewed in vivid high-definition 1080p video. The Blu-ray *Pulp Fiction* also boasts a load of riveting bonus features.

## *BORED TO DEATH:* *THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON*



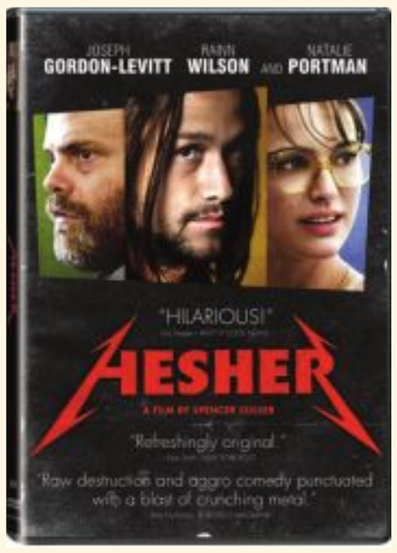

Misadventures abound as struggling New York writer Jonathan Ames (Jason Schwartzman) continues to supplement his ailing literary career by moonlighting as a private investigator. Dealing with an unpublished novel and barely getting by as a creative-writing teacher, the quirky, pot-smoking P.I. aimlessly attempts to solve his desperate clients' cases. Featuring Zach Galifianakis and Ted Danson as Ames's neurotic cohorts, *Bored to Death*'s second season delivers a wealth of sidesplitting laughs.

## *SECRET DIARY OF A CALL GIRL:* *THE FINAL SEASON*




The ever-sexy Billie Piper (of *Doctor Who* fame) stars as Hannah Baxter a/k/a Belle de Jour, a beautiful Londoner living in the lap of luxury thanks to her flourishing career as a high-class escort. Determined to keep this part of her life a secret, Hannah struggles to maintain a healthy relationship with friends, family and romantic interests. Providing a sufficient dose of tits and ass for your viewing pleasure, the British series' final season chronicles the conflicted call girl as she ponders leaving her amorous profession for a more traditional lifestyle.

## *HESHER*




This dark and gritty movie depicts the tumultuous life of T.J., a high school student reeling from the death of his mother. Living with his pill-popping father and senile grandmother, T.J. must suddenly confront yet another setback: A long-haired stranger named Hesher forcibly moves into the house. Unable to muster the strength to evict the disturbed squatter, T.J.'s grief-stricken dad allows the disheveled lunatic to become a fixture in their home. Tensions flare as the family is exposed to Hesher's ill-mannered anarchy, which forces the dysfunctional father and son to come together and once again embrace life.

# SECRET LOVER

KARA DIANE

PLAYBOY'S PET OF THE MONTH

Angela (Kiara Diane) calls her mysterious new lover and invites him to come over ASAP. “My roommate is out of town, so we’ll be completely alone,” the sexpot whispers.

As usual, Angela eagerly anticipates the rendezvous but with some misgivings. She doesn’t know much about the guy; he’s never shown his face. It’s always been concealed by a mask. But he fucks like nobody’s business.

Once the stud shows up, Angela isn’t disappointed. They screw for ten hours straight. Afterward, as loverboy attempts to slip away, Angela halts him. “I must know who you are,” she demands.

Happy to be unburdened from his terrible secret, Angela’s boy toy removes his mask. “Be prepared,” he cautions her. “I’m hideous!”

“What are you?!” Angela shrieks.

In a thunderous voice the dude responds, “I am a corporation. According to Mitt Romney, we’re people too. We have rights and needs! So suck my cock one more time, bitch, then make me a sandwich!”

To further study Kiara Diane, feast your eyes upon *This Ain't Ghost Hunters XXX* and *This Ain't Dancing With the Stars XXX*. Both are available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

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# BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Easy to get into: Ariana Fox, Bibi Noel and Elizabeth Bentley (bottom) join the* ***Barely Legal*** *club.*

## *Barely Legal #120*

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: OTTO BAUER. STARRING: ARIANA FOX, MAE MEYERS, EMME MICHELLE, ELIZABETH BENTLEY, BIBI NOEL, RALPH LONG, MARCO BANDERAS, JENNER, DERRICK PIERCE & OTTO BAUER.

As you know, the world's getting flushed down the shitter this year, so you better whack off to as much porn as you can, starting with this jubilee smutfest. The leading gateway to porn for America's wrecked 18-year-olds is celebrating ten years of churnin' 'em out. You'll be glad to know that this edition doesn't mess with the basic formula, or any formula for that matter. This is strictly pool-guy-bangs-the-spoiled-daughter stuff. The crop of girls is decent as ever, with sweet newbie Ariana Fox offering a tight twat for the plucking, Elizabeth Bentley making the standard repertoire look better than it should, and blonde brat Bibi Noel celebrating the anniversary by throwing open her tailgate. We love a girl who knows how to party! This special release comes in a four-pack, giving you three additional *BL* flicks from over the years. If you've got a better way to celebrate the double-dip recession, do it. Order this collector's must-stroke edition now on page 124. ***—M.J.***

*Cytherea, Tessa Taylor and Mika Kim put the **Pink Pig** to work.*

## The Flying Pink Pig #2

METRO MEDIA/CHEEKY MONKEY PRODUCTIONS. DIRECTOR: ERICA McLEAN. STARRING: ALEXIS TEXAS, SUNNY LANE, NICKI HUNTER, CYTHEREA, MIKA KIM, BREANNA SPARKS, TESSA TAYLOR, LEE BANG, DALE DaBONE, TJ CUMMINGS, TYLER KNIGHT & JERRY.

This sequel to the world's first food-truck fuck flick just might be better than the first. (By the way, we'd like to point out that we screwed up in our first review and credited the wrong studio. Both movies are distributed by Metro Media.) Well-shot and full of fun, *FPP2* picks up where the first one left off, with a gaggle of hot mobile caterers doing whatever it takes to keep their business rolling. The movie steams along at a good pace, with a menu of hot talent and goofy comedy. *The Flying Pink Pig*, named after an actual food-truck on the streets of L.A., appears to serve mostly raw womanflesh, but it's all gourmet quality. The always-cute Sunny Lane turns in a spunky performance, Cytherea gives plenty of free refills at the squirt fountain and ass-licious Alexis Texas shows up to prove just how tasty "the other white meat" can be. Thanks to saucy talent and director Erica McLean's freewheeling style, the *Pink Pig* keeps 'em coming back! ***—M.J.***

***Class** act: Asa Akira, Jenna Haze (with Kirsten Price) and Lisa Ann ring in the new year.*

## Breast in Class #2: Counterfeit Racks

JULES JORDAN VIDEO/JENNARATION X. DIRECTOR: JENNA HAZE. STARRING: JENNA HAZE, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, KATSUNI, ASA AKIRA, KIRSTEN PRICE, CHANEL PRESTON, LISA ANN, MANUEL FERRARA, MICK BLUE, JAMES DEEN, ERIK EVERHARD, PRINCE YAHSHUA & MR. PETE.

If your wife's New Year's resolution didn't involve a new set of knockers, you'll have to settle for this augmentation showcase. From orally fixated cum-catcher Jenna Haze's own camera comes this luxurious hunk of chest-bouncing, ass-drilling hardcore. Modestly cupped Asian sensation Asa Akira starts the double-discer with a scene that would be the finale in most movies (she warms up with anal pile-driving). Other peaks include firm bombshell Kagney Linn Karter, an assfuck with Lisa Ann, a deep DP in Chanel Preston and some prime face-time with kittenesque Katsuni and the directress herself. (Ironically, Jenna's the only one whose twin perks are still the way God intended…or *are* they?) This piece of skinema isn't a groundbreaker, but we're giving it a Fully Erect because, hey, that's what we saw whenever we looked down. Too much information? Happy New Year! ***—M.J.***

*Alexis Texas and Kagney Linn Karter help **Web Whore** Stoya (bottom) run the new hardware.*

## Web Whore

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: STOYA, ALEXIS TEXAS, KAGNEY LINN KARTER, REBECCA BLUE, MICK BLUE, SCOTT NAILS, MANUEL FERRARA, TOMMY GUNN, ERIK EVERHARD & JAMES DEEN.

"Your new roommate Stoya is a Web whore!" That line sums up the plot of this standard vehicle for one of porn's prettiest A-listers. Stoya and her pals do online sex shows out of her apartment, but her roommate and his gym buddies want some *non*-line treatment, which turns out to be as easy as saying "Hi!" Basically, this is a parade of porn's palest beauties. (Seriously, how do you stay that *un*tanned in California?) Slender Stoya takes on two cocks like a dual processor, and Alexis Texas's ass has more bandwidth than Microsoft. (Bad computer puns are a virus. Be alert.) Kagney Linn Karter and Rebecca Blue flesh out the lineup in style, but this is Stoya's show, so be a fan or become one. "If it's called *Web Whore*, why don't I just watch it online," you ask? Because that would bring down the entire porn industry, and you would be left to watch only the porn that already exists (which, actually, is more than you could ever watch in your lifetime!). That's why. ***—M.J.***

*Winning! Victoria White, Brianna Jordan (with Scarlett Fay) and Ashley Jane (bottom) play the **Hollywood** game.*

## This Ain't Hollywood Squares XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: ASHLEY JANE, VICTORIA WHITE, BRIANNA JORDAN, SCARLETT FAY, NATALIE VEGAS, FAYE REAGAN, JENNA HAZE, RAYLENE, DALE DABONE, ERIC MASTERSON, TYLER KNIGHT, ALEC KNIGHT, CHAD DIAMOND, DREW ROSE, DANE CROSS, VOODOO & RON JEREMY.

*Hollywood Squares* was never about who won the game; it was always about the nasty cracks. Get it? If you thought that was funny, this parody is aimed at you. HUSTLER dragged in a bunch of stars from its celebrity-parody series and forced them to do bad impressions—and worse jokes—between the jizz shots. Scarlett Fay, who has carved out her niche playing Lindsay Lohan, kicks off the sleazefest with Brianna Jordan and a dildo in a limo. That scene has nothing to do with the rest of the movie, but neither does the tacked-on Jenna Haze finale, which is actually cannibalized from *This Ain't the Munsters XXX*. (Times are hard.) If you make it past the shameless plugs for HUSTLER products and endure the random stabs at comedy without cringing to death, you'll enjoy the trashy (a/k/a Hollywood-style) talent and, well, that's it. Hey, where else will you see Ron Jeremy and ALF fight over a bagel? (Yes, you'll have trouble telling who is who.) Order it now on page 124. ***—M.J.***

*Choose your **Masseuse**: Holly Sampson and Savanna Samson take tips.*

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*Alyssa Branch pops the cork in **Barely Legal #120**.*

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

## The Masseuse

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: SAVANNA SAMSON, HOLLY SAMPSON, PERSIA PELE, KAYLA PAIGE, DEVI EMMERSON, JENNIFER DARK, TRENT TESORO, CHRIS CHARMING, STEVE HOLMES, VOODOO & TOMMY GUNN.

This slick rub-n-tug (not to be confused with Digital Playground's *Masseuse* series) is another one of star director Paul Thomas's sex-therapy dramas. Damaged Savanna Samson is good with her hands, but she has trouble finding love on her terms (boo-hoo), until she meets a soldier with the firepower to blow away her past. Telling her woes to a shrink, we see her quest for love while doing "extras" at a massage joint. (She admits she doesn't make the best choices.) Thomas's flicks are always more cinematic than your average hardcore, at least in a grindhouse sort of way, and he knows how to weave even the hardest fuck scenes into the overall film so that they don't stick out like a sore dick. Sure, it's hokey in places, but *The Masseuse* is full of intense genital action (including a Savanna double-penetration), fleshy close-ups, sporadic violence and fully scripted characters that aren't trying to spoof a sitcom. These days, that's harder to find than a $5 massage. ***—M.J.***

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# THIS AIN'T FOX NEWS XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

For its latest parody, HUSTLER Video targets the mouthpieces of misinformation sitting behind the Fox News desk. The premise is simple: It's more fun watching these empty-headed nitwits engaging in sex than it is listening to them spout off Republican talking points.

Megan (Nichole Aniston) kicks off the right-wing bangfest by getting it on with a dude at a tanning salon. In a strange turn of events, Billo (Herschel Savage) gets lured into a sex dungeon by the alluring dominatrix Mistress Stern (Sea J Raw), who has her way with the caustic commentator. Meanwhile, when Anne (Darryl Hanah) appears as a Hanity (Eric John) guest, it doesn't take long for sexual sparks to fly. In an instant, these two clueless conservatives are screwing on live television.

If you want to watch semiretarded blowhards bellow about the President being an evil Kenyan socialist, then tune in to the real Fox News. If you'd rather see FN lookalikes sucking and fucking with wild abandon, then we strongly recommend *This Ain't Fox News XXX*.

*This Ain't Fox News XXX* is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7651, visit **HustlerHollywood.com** or go to page 124 to order by mail.

# BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

## HEATHER

"I am very forward and honest, and I don't care what anyone has to say about me," asserts our opening Beaver, who left Germany behind and now holes up in Killeen, Texas. But the 5-foot-7 fräulein relishes letting people look at the whole nine yards. "I like when there is more to see rather than covering it up," Heather explains, referring to that cozy crevice she rarely calls a pussy. "I like the words *cooter* and *twat*." Vocabulary aside, the fetching newcomer also likes partying, country music, *Desperate Housewives*, *Two and a Half Men*, horseback riding, hiking and being a stripper: "I love my job to death. It's fun and exciting." As is Heather, who'll be turning 21 in January and constantly celebrates her lack of inhibitions. "I'm bi and up for anything," the threesome and anal enthusiast confides. "One night I went to a sex party and ended up being videotaped while my boyfriend was fucking me from behind, and my face was buried between another girl's legs." Although Heather's fave position is "standing up smashed against a wall," her amorous fantasy isn't off-the-wall and doesn't involve three entire men: "I'd like to have sex on a beach." —Photos by Friend

**“Threesomes are sweet. I love being licked and fucked at the same time!”**

## RENEE

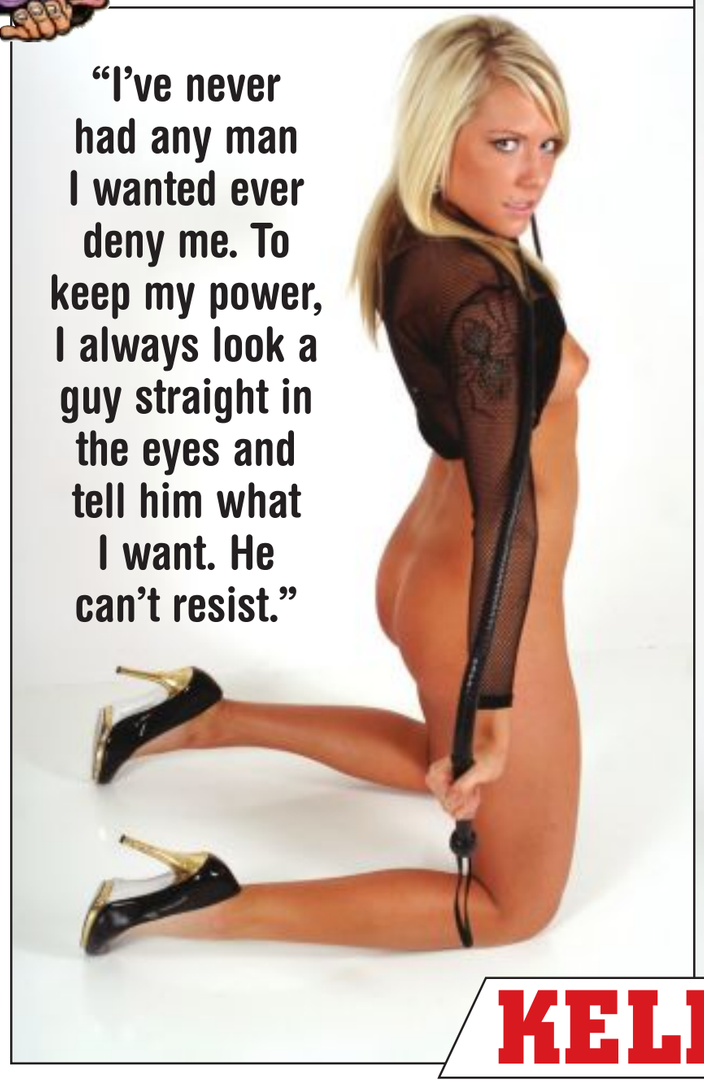
“Seeing myself in HUSTLER will take the sting out of turning 40,” proclaims Renee, a “petite, perky and polite” waitress from North Miami Beach, Florida. But the 5-foot-3 Sunshine Stater, who’ll be crossing that threshold in January, just might be pulling our leg. “I think I’m as wild and tempting as I’ve ever been,” Renee exults. “I mostly have sex with girls, but I haven’t sworn off cocks just yet. I’ve been told I give great head, and there’s something to be said about vaginal penetration.” Renee has more to say: “I also love masturbating, cooking, swimming and reading police procedurals. Two of my favorites are James Patterson’s *Kiss the Girls* and *Along Came a Spider*. I’ve never met a cop I liked, but I do like reading about them.” With minimal prodding, strap-on fanatic Renee lays a ribald desire on us: “I’d love to ass-fuck a gorgeous FBI agent.” —Photos by Friend

# COLLEEN

"My friends say I look and act way younger than I really am," professes Colleen, 56, a "personable" photographer from San Antonio, Texas. "I feel like I'm in my prime. Being a widow and single gal since 1984, I figured I'd do something crazy and see what happened." Lo and behold, the 5-foot-3 lingerie, bowling, motorcycling and swing dancing buff has fulfilled her lifelong dream of appearing in HUSTLER. Also worth mentioning is that Colleen is crazy about sex. "I like to kiss a guy all over," she continues. "I also like men to go down on me and suck on my tits; they're very sensitive." Bisexual Colleen, a threesome fancier who admits she often masturbates before starting her workday, fantasizes about "being the most obliging participant in an orgy on a party train traveling across the country." —Photos by Friend

# STARLETTE

Cinema icon Mamie Van Doren was born in South Dakota, where the faces of four U.S. Presidents are carved into the Black Hills. The Mount Rushmore State can also lay claim to Deadwood (the haunt of poker-playing lawman Wild Bill Hickok), biker mecca Sturgis and Starlette, 22, a "wild and playful" waitress out of Rapid City. "Being naked in HUSTLER is pretty cool," notes the 5-foot-6 volleyball, Wii bowling and hip-hop aficionada, whose randy repertoire includes "experimenting with girls," anal and outdoor hanky-panky. "I've had sex by a river and out in the snow," Starlette points out. Now the cutie with the Chinese word for "Unity" hovering above her patootie looks ready to adorn that graffiti wall with four words: "Fuck me right here!" —Photos by Friend



“I’ve never had any man I wanted ever deny me. To keep my power, I always look a guy straight in the eyes and tell him what I want. He can’t resist.”

# KELLIE

“I’m outgoing, fun-loving and always up for anything new,” reckons Kellie, a DJ, networking devotee and animal activist from Concord, Ohio. All three traits apply as the 5-foot-10 “classic rock girl” (i.e., Pink Floyd and Led Zeppelin) opts for a kinky encore coinciding with her January birthday milestone. The October ’10 Beaver will be hitting 21. “I love being dominated, but I also like having power over men,” Kellie relates. “I’m all about following my dreams, living life to the fullest and sexual chemistry.” No wonder Kellie, who also digs the punk band Blink-182, is an animal in bed. “I love it hard and fast,” the bi-curious vegan coos. “I love biting, scratching and having my hair pulled! I absolutely love giving head and anal, and I love playing with toys during sex. Making me come is a challenge for most guys.” But who wouldn’t wanna try? —Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

“I’d love to be Blink-182’s sex slave the next time my favorite punk rockers come to Ohio.”

# JULIE

"I'm very comfortable showing off my body," states this "straight" MILF-to-be, who was born in the Marshall Islands and currently resides in Junction City, Kansas. "I'm also very outgoing. That's how I got pregnant." Come to think of it, Julie, 24, might be one of the most outgoing amateurs we've ever displayed, and bush fans are sure to be ecstatic. "I went skinny-dipping at night in an unlit pool with a bunch of guys," the 5-foot-0 Polynesian recalls. "One would come up behind me, stick his dick in, then swim away. This went on a few times, so I don't know which boys fucked me and which ones didn't. And since getting knocked up, I've been hornier than ever. I want to get laid by anyone. I even did the photographer!" —Photos by Lucky Friend

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BY JOSEPH BOSNIC

# HEATHER BARRON

**AGE:** 43

**LOCATION:** Las Vegas

**SEE HER AT:** SurreallyYours.com

***This is a feature dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.***

Curvaceous Heather Barron is quite the experienced woman—and not just amorously. Since her college days the East Coast native, who was born in New Jersey and grew up in New York's Hudson Valley, has held all sorts of jobs.

"When I was in college," Heather recalls, "I was a jewelry salesperson and sold my fair share of timepieces too. Hey, I can still install a watch battery like a master! I've also been a waitress, a marketing assistant for a mutual funds firm and an investments associate. These days I'm a secretary, and my boss is totally cool. He even flirts with me."

But it's in the bedroom where the 5-foot-5 single mom gets to be the boss. "We mature women don't waste time or play games," Heather asserts. "Younger men seem particularly open to instruction, and I'm not shy about playing teacher. Maybe I want a finger in my pussy while he's licking me. How am I going to get him to do it unless I tell him?"

Despite being a take-charge lover, Heather strives to be the dream girlfriend. "I think every guy should get the maximum amount of pleasure," the swimming, yoga and techno music aficionada explains. "I love taking bubble baths with a man. Nothing is hotter than kissing and touching passionately in a bathtub and then stepping things up a notch. I like to earn my orgasms by pleasing a man and watching his eyes roll into the back of his head. What can I say? I'm a good motivator, and I love to fuck."

Heather adds, "I also give great back, leg and foot rubs—and I love doing laundry. I even fold!"

What are you doing later tonight, Heather? We've got a terribly sore back—and a pile of dirty clothes.

**If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.***

## COUGARS UNLEASHED #35

PHOTOS BY FRIEND

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

SCREEN NAME:
## Shawnee

AGE: 25

LOCATION: DALLAS, TEXAS

Number of Friends: 2,573

URL: **Facebook.com/ShawneeMitchell**

With her curvaceous figure, wavy auburn hair and intense, chocolate-brown eyes, Shawnee is quite the head-turner. “I’m extremely girly,” the Oklahoma City native reckons. “And since I love everything about being a woman, modeling seemed the best profession for me.”

But don’t let Shawnee’s feminine attributes steer you wrong: Since relocating to north Texas, the 5-foot-4 looker has taken up kickboxing and jujitsu. “Physical activity is vital to being healthy, as well as being able to put your best foot forward in front of the camera,” Shawnee tells us. “Besides, I like men who can keep up with me when it comes to staying fit and maintaining a robust sex life. Of course, nice abs and a big penis are essential too.”

Nevertheless, Shawnee does look for other qualities in a man. “Actually, I’m just a big kid at heart who enjoys going to basketball games and loves a good laugh,” she adds. “I especially like my man to be a goofball. So if you want to take me home, we’d better have a lot of fun while out on a date.”

All kidding aside, with the right kind of guy Shawnee gets downright serious between the sheets. “I love to please, even more than I like to receive pleasure,” the unselfish sweetie purrs. “Nothing makes me feel better than knowing that my partner is pleased.”

You heard her, guys: With Shawnee the pleasure’s all *yours*. What a gal!

**OPEN AUDITIONS:** Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of Facebook? If you are 18 years of age or older, e-mail an introductory message and a photo to ***HUSTLER@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY DDG PHOTOS

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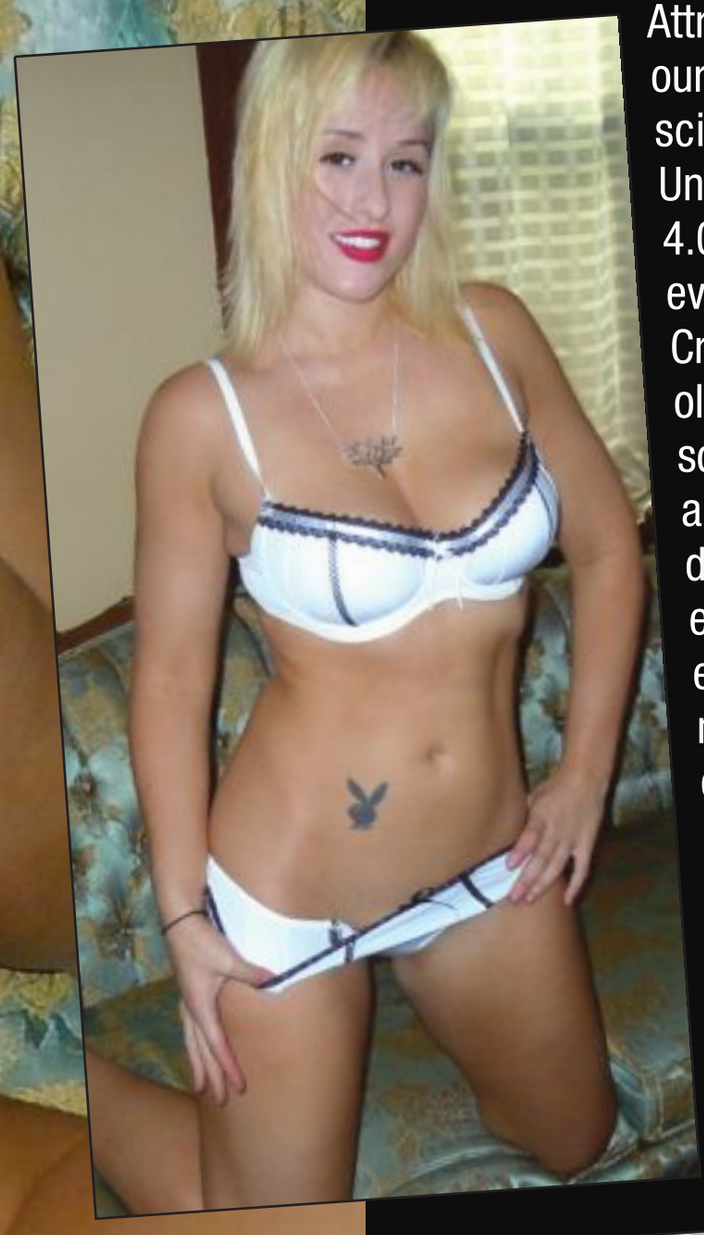
**Coeds:** Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 123 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

# CRYSTAL

# TOWSON UNIVERSITY

*"I'd love to be bent over a desk by my sexiest professor."*



Attractive coeds are always welcome in our academic showcase, but this health science major at Maryland's Towson University is a true-blue scholar. "I hold a 4.0 GPA and have been on the Dean's List every semester since I started college," Crystal proudly announces. The 27-year-old Baltimore resident, who worked as a scantily clad Hooters girl for two years, is also proud to take that big, bold step by disrobing in front of a camera and delivering an eyeful—cooter and all. "I wanted to be naked in HUSTLER because it's my fave porn mag," Crystal raves. "I'm quirky, outgoing and friendly. I love showing off my body."

Taking good care of it has been doubly beneficial for the 5-foot-5 nude-modeling rookie. "I'm pretty much a healthy eater, and I love to work out," Crystal informs us. "It's a great stress reliever, and I love the way my body looks and feels afterward. I also go running every morning and take yoga classes."

But Crystal really looks forward to burning calories in the throes of passion. "I'm like an 18-year-old boy when it comes to sex," the bi-curious hottie admits. "I'm always wanting it and always down to try anything at least once! I love to seduce men, and I can't get enough anal. It feels so good and makes me come real hard. I also love having sex in strange places."

The Used fan isn't kidding. "My most memorable adventure was fucking in a portable bathroom at a concert," Crystal recounts. "We had it shaking. By the time we walked out, there was a line of people outside, and everyone was clapping!"

Rock on, honey!

# TOUGH MUDDER

*(continued from page 84)*

The Glacier, a huge ice wall maybe 20 feet high, is about as fun as being production assistant at a bukkake shoot. The ascent is slow-paced and tricky. Desperately trying to scale the slippery wall, I'm hugging ice for minutes that seem like hours. Hands from above stretch down to help me, but I can't reach them. When I'm finally pulled up and get to sit safely on the ledge, I'm dog tired. "Don't worry, man, it's almost over," says another one of my friends who have joined me for Tough Mudder. "Another mile or so. You can do it."

During the Gauntlet exercise I try to avoid the guy wielding a fire hose, but he sees me and yells, "You're too dry!" Not for long. A blast of freezing water nearly knocks me over. Testa, waiting at the top, laughs as I clamber up beside him, sodden and shaking.

Handing me a protein gel pack, Testa jokes, "You shouldn't have tried to hide from him." Looking concerned, he asks, "You gonna make it?" I stand up and shiver like a drenched mutt in the rain. And once more we're hiking through the mud. My right foot is now causing me serious pain.

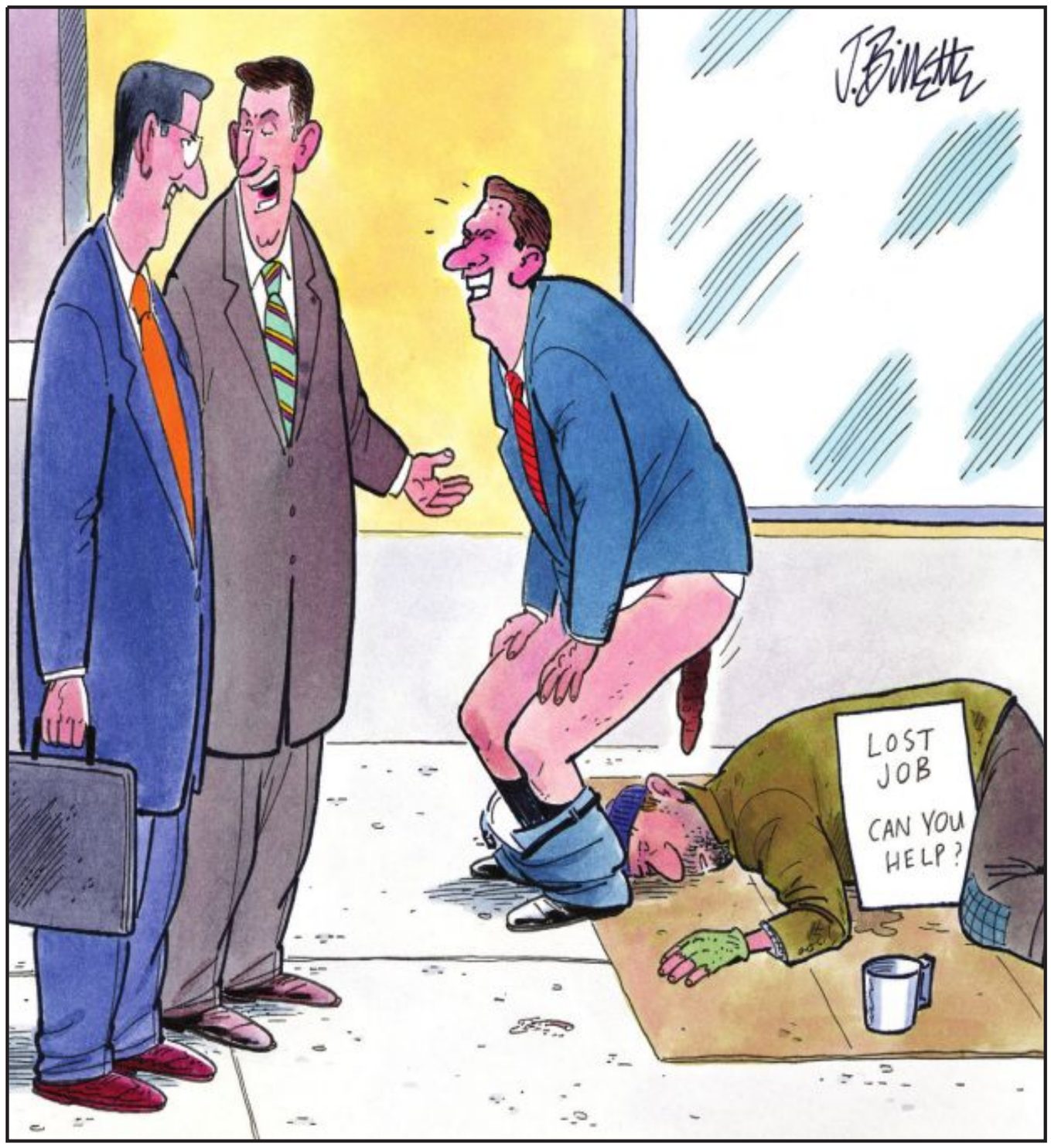
We climb some monkey bars and scale the huge Berlin Walls. We can see the finish line down below. However, Greased Lightning awaits, and I gladly take the long, bumpy slide down into the frosty water below. I emerge and limp around the last corner. In front of me is Electroshock Therapy. *Fuck!* But an applauding mass of humanity gives me enough courage to gallop through the wires. I get a sweet sting right off the bat, then a bunch of small ones, followed by one last nasty nip that throws me for a loop. Even so, I'd expected worse.

Three chicks welcome me at the finish line with a commemorative headband. I take it, but I really only want the free beer. I hop over to the Dos Equis table and chug one down. Nine and a half miles in four hours and 20 minutes. Bloody and beaten, I go searching for my "nurse."

I bump into the soldiers as we're hobbling back to the car. They're drinking beer and smoking Marlboros in celebration. "Shit, you made it!" one exclaims. "We were hoping you'd survive so we can get our picture in HUSTLER!" We exchange big hugs, and I thank them for kicking ass overseas. It's funny, 'cause usually I'm not so sentimental. Must be the 10,000 volts tap-dancing through my skull.

POSTSCRIPT: For a schedule of 2012 competitions and other info, visit **ToughMudder.com**.

Massachusetts native Scott Fayner currently resides in Boston, where he primarily writes about porn and pooches—but never at the same time. Besides contributing to HUSTLER, *K9 Magazine*, *Technology Review* and other media, Fayner quarterbacks his online dog publication **MassArf.com**.




"Mark is a Republican's Republican!"

"Not tonight, honey. My asshole still hasn't healed from when you ripped it last week."

# WAITING

## VICTORIA

NOVEMBER 1980

HUSTLER CLASSIC

PETERBILT MEDIA

I'm waiting for a certain kind of guy," **Victoria** says, coyly. "It may sound corny, but I think of myself as a queen waiting for her king to come." It's not that she hasn't had her share of men. She knows full well the erotic pleasures her sensuous body can give. But she longs for a special romance with a man who knows how to please her, a powerful man whose touch can thrill her to submission. She knows he's out there looking for her. She is willing to wait.

*(continued from page 38)*

world. The names Debbie and Danielle, they're my wife and daughter. It was done by a friend of mine in prison, a fellow named Harry "Super Jew" Ross. Harry's since passed away. We started it in San Quentin prison with just an outline. Then I got kicked out of San Quentin and had to go to Folsom.

It was almost like a scene from *West Side Story*: I'm in chains leaving on the bus, and Harry is yelling, "Don't let anybody touch it! I'll finish it! I'll be in Folsom!" So about four months later he got kicked out of San Quentin and came to Folsom. He worked on it some more. And then I went from Folsom to Soledad and Harry followed me there and we finally finished it.

**How do you get kicked out of a prison?**

It just happens. (*Laughs.*) Especially when you don't behave.

**What about the tattoo on your back?**

That one shows my kids—Danielle, Danny Boy and Gilbert—when they were little. It's by Mark Mahoney, who's probably one of the best tattoo artists in the world.

**What future Danny Trejo flicks should we be on the lookout for?**

I have a lead role in a movie called *Badass*. I play a Vietnam veteran. The mean roles are always a lot of fun. I did another one called *Harold & Kumar's Christmas*. We got *Tarantula* coming up. That's about—*va-roooom!*—bikers. And right now I'm doing *Sons of Anarchy*. I got eight episodes in that. Lots of fun—Ron Perlman is a good friend of mine.

**What about a sequel to *Machete*?**

Robert [Rodriguez] and I will be brainstorming on *Machete 2. Machete* was pretty over the top, so the sequel has gotta top it.

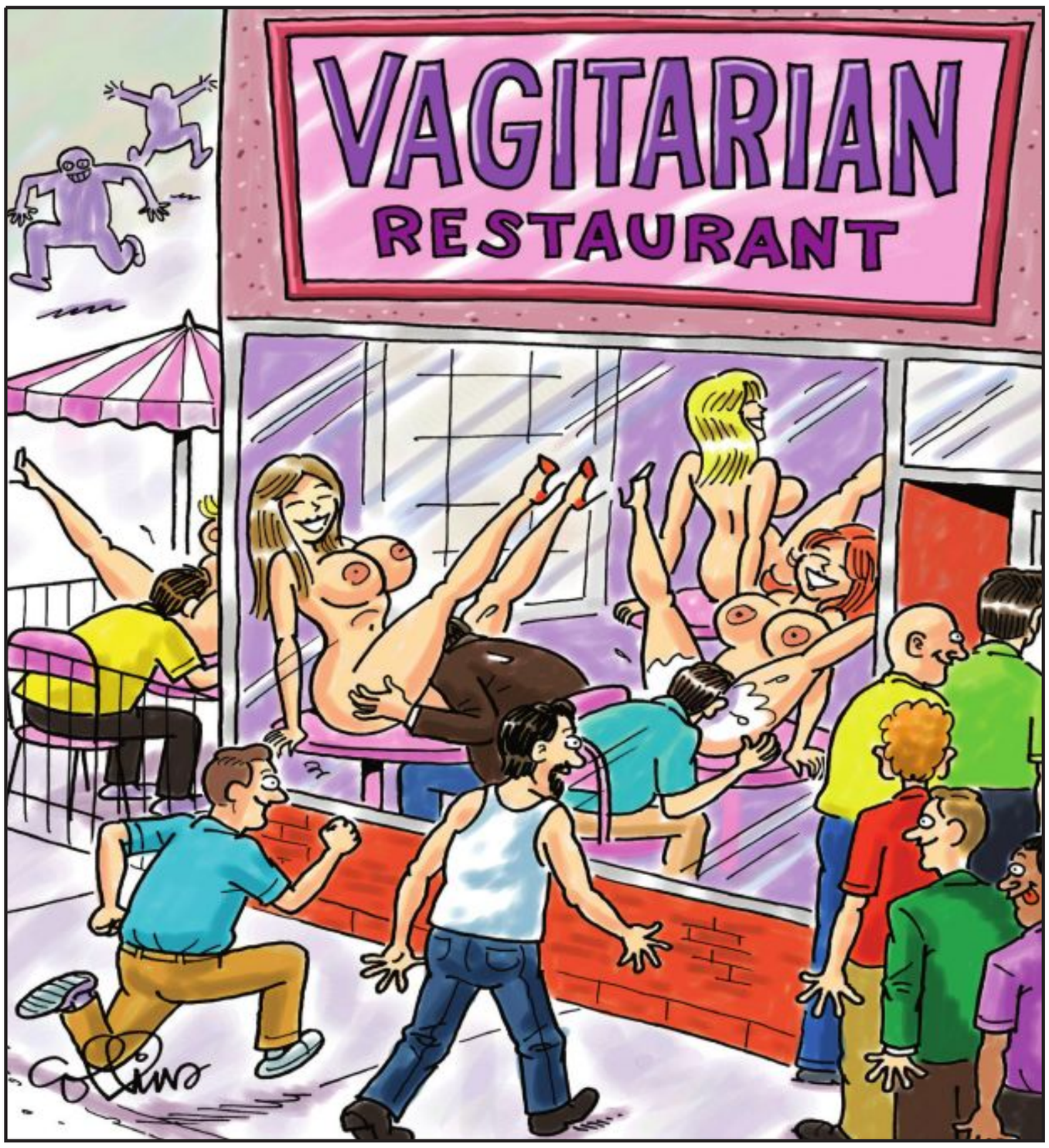
**Are you counseling substance abusers these days?**

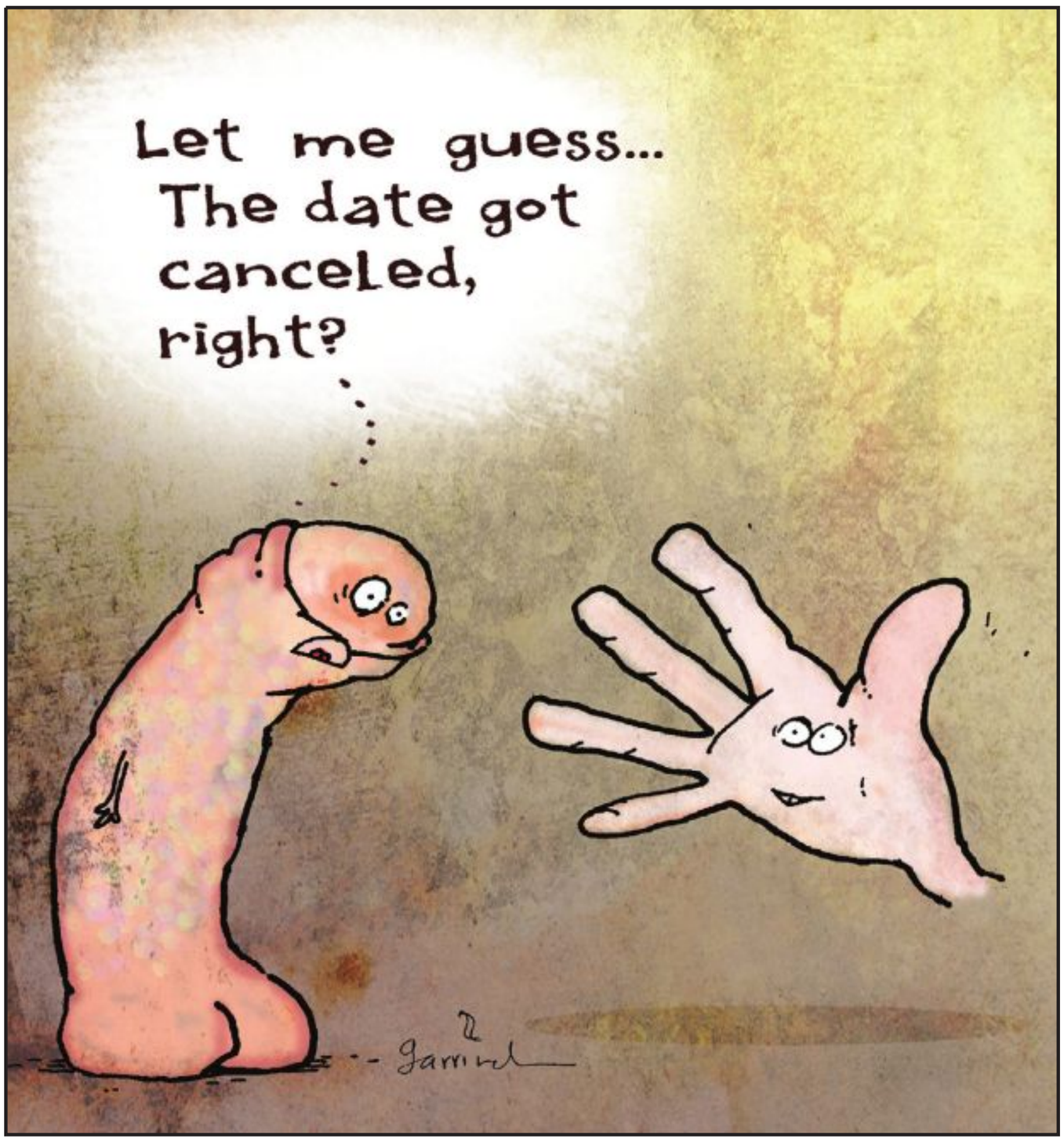
I still work for a place called Western Pacific Med/Corp. where we detox drug addicts. I've done that for 37 years and won't stop doing it. I also speak to youth groups.

**How do young people react to you?**

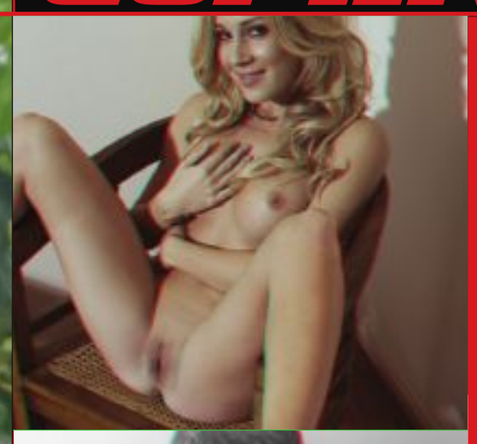
Well, the gift that the Good Lord has given me with this movie stuff is that I have their attention right when I walk on campus. They're like, "Hey, there's that guy from *Con Air*!" And they rush to hear me speak. And teachers tell me, "These are the guys who *never* come to these talks!" They don't want to hear what Danny Trejo has to say but what the guy from *Con Air*, the guy from *Heat*, the guy from *Desperado* has to say. I honestly believe that if more actors got involved this way, they could really help. But they're not involved. I guess actors are pretty busy. (*Laughs.*)

But, you know, everything good that has happened to me has happened as a direct result of helping someone else. Everything. And I think that's one of the keys to life! You have to help people. You see people who are always helping others, and they always seem happy. Even the neighbor next door [*In gravelly, upbeat voice*]: "Hey, I got a truck—let me help ya move that!" Guys like that are always happy because they're willing to help. And that's us. That's me.



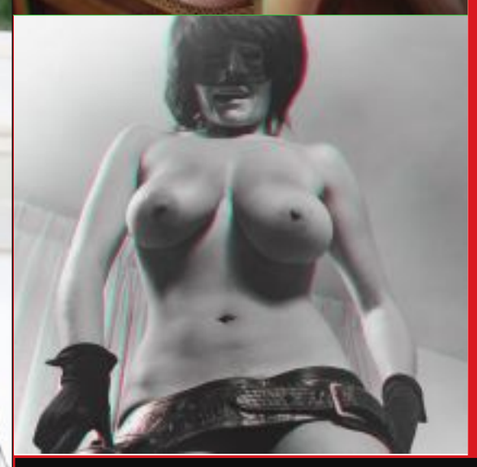



# COMING NEXT



## 3D DOUBLEHEADER
## HUSTLER'S GUIDE TO ONLINE 3D PORN

In the wake of *Avatar*'s staggering success, porn purveyors have jumped on the most magical way to watch erotic content: 3D. Tune in as Tyler Downey delivers the lowdown on the Internet's most impressive 3D sites.

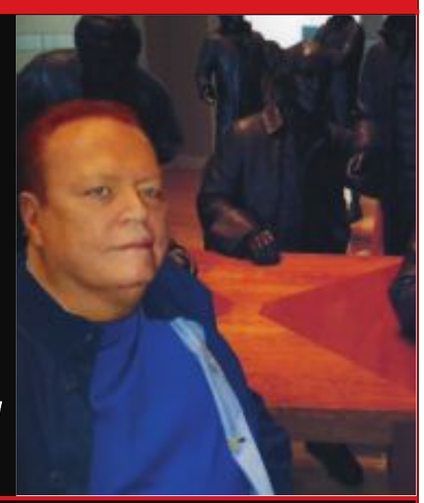


## COMPENDIUM OF EYE-POPPING RACKS

Dian Hanson's *The Big Book of Breasts 3D: The Modern Age of Touchable Curves* is the most amazing celebration of mammaries imaginable. It is jam-packed with vintage photos of busty beauties whose boobs literally leap from the page. See for yourself in our titillating review of what promises to be a Taschen Books breastseller.

## LARRY FLYNT'S SUPREME ACCOLADE

While in Philadelphia, Larry Flynt visited the National Constitution Center, where an interactive display is dedicated to 100 people who have advanced and protected the U.S. Constitution. Interviewed by HUSTLER's Kimberly Cheng, Larry shares his thoughts on being included in such select company and why freedom of *all* speech is so vital to our democracy.

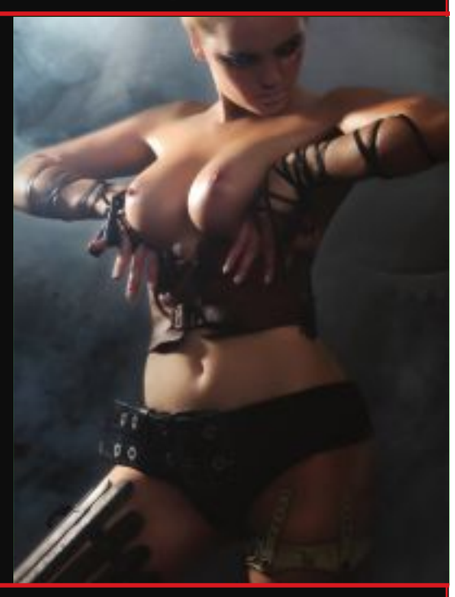


## CHYNA: EMBRACING LIFE AS A PORN STAR

No wrestling diva soared to greater heights than Chyna. Billed as "The Ninth Wonder of the World," the brunet bruiser even grappled with men and was the sport's only female Intercontinental Champion. After getting the heave-ho from the then-WWF, Chyna gained further renown with a top-selling sex tape and stints on several reality-TV shows. During a hard-hitting chitchat with journalist K.K. Le Roque, Chyna talks about her battles (in and out of the ring) and resolve to become a full-fledged XXX star.

## STEAMPUNK'S SEXY SIRENS

According to the *Urban Dictionary*, steampunk depicts "what the past would look like if the future had happened sooner." The common thread is Victorian-era England as seen through a science fiction lens, notes T. Lee Tyson in her photo-laced report on steampunk fashion. Don't miss the unabashed naughtiness of models Morgana, MADmoiselle Méli, Lady Clankington and Russia's Natalia Dolgopolova, who professes, "The real art is to undress in steampunk."



## DIRTY POLITICS: TRAITORS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Three Presidents—fellow Republicans Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan and George W. Bush—all share a dubious distinction: Each committed an act of treason, yet none were ever put on trial for duplicitous deeds that impacted history and this nation's now-shaky economy. Investigative reporters Bob Fitrakis and Harvey Wasserman offer compelling proof that Nixon, Reagan and Bush were traitors who should have been sent to prison.

SADIE WEST

*The February '12 issue goes on sale December 6, 2011. Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.*